

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

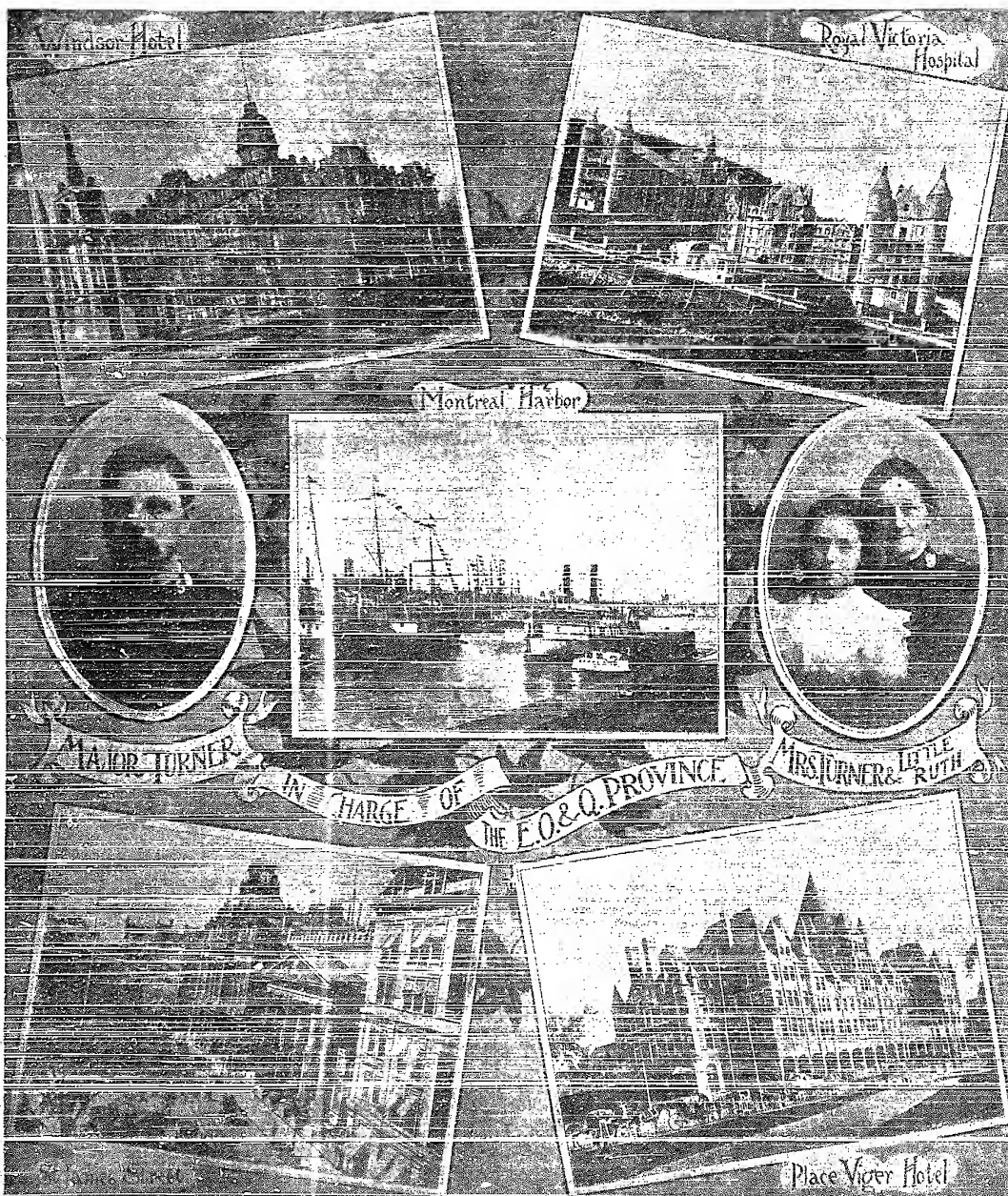
19th Year, No. 6.

WILLIAM ROTH
General

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1902.

EVANGELINE ROTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



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BORTH S. A. 1902.

(See Record of General's Tour in 01.)



Peace After Pain.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

Scene I.—In a Restaurant.

She was a very attractive girl in those days. Her general appearance was refined—almost aristocratic. Her shining hair was coiled gracefully about her head, and her dress was neat and genteel in the extreme. There was a freshness about her rosy face, which bespoke her an innocent, confiding English girl.

But there must have been some hidden fire in her dusky eyes which attracted the stranger and gave him the liberty to address her.

She sat in the lunch-room of a city restaurant when he approached her. He made some casual remarks—interested her. There was a fascination about her manner which charmed her, and when, after a brief acquaintance of two or three days, he suggested they be married, her wild spirit consented, and the last opening up the chapter of all Katie's sorrows was turned as the golden band encircled her finger.

Scene II.—A City Hospital.

The Salvation meeting was in full swing. A tall, ministerial young man entered the barracks, and as he put down his hat glanced anxiously at the Captain.

The last song had scarcely died away before the clerical listener stepped hastily to the platform and spoke earnestly to the listening oncer. She left the hall immediately and started for her long afternoon walk. Let us follow. Across a great city she sped—away into a lovely suburb, through a wide carriage drive, up the stone steps of one of America's largest hospitals.

In a little private ward lay a young girl. Her life seemed fast ebbing away, purple lines shaded her face, which was bloated and marred by the awful shock she had sustained. There was a bullet-hole through her breast and agony written in her eyes unutterable. Who can depict the anguish of spirit which had driven her, the previous night, in the solitude of her hotel chamber, to level the pistol and deliberately attempt to destroy her own life!

She had been in despair. The husband Katie had married on the acquaintance of a few days had not turned out the model of perfection he promised to be. They had separated in consequence. Katie had become desperate, and her hereditary appetite for strong drink had been allowed uncurbed away. Late suppers and dissipation wrought the havoc, and Katie was almost a moral wreck. An evening's carousal in the gayest company left Katie on the border of remorseful desperation.

The result of her despairing reverie was a sharp report rung out on the midnight air—an excellent all through the hotel—unconsciousness—an ambulance—a hospital ward, and the shadow of a grave deep and wide.

Scene III.—Under the Electric Towers.

"No use, Captain! I've been too wicked. You don't know what I've gone through, or how fearfully I have sinned against God. He will never forgive me," Katie cried.

Long weeks of suffering slipped wearily away. Faithfully the Captain had visited and pleaded with the erring girl, apparently with little result, so far as effecting any change in her spiritual condition.

"I will send you word when I am leaving here," she said. But she failed to do so.

"Is Capt. G— at home? I must see her, if only for a few minutes."

The lady seemed very agitated. As the Captain entered the plain little sitting-room she exclaimed: "You remember Katie—she visited her in the F— Hospital after she tried to commit suicide. Well, she was arrested last night in K— Street, coming out of the most disgraceful place in the city. She was taken to the police station."

When the police caught them. The man and Katie, in her red satin robes, was taken to the police station.

She is broken-hearted—left to face the consequences of frequenting No. K— Street alone. I pleaded for her in the court," hurriedly continued Mrs. Dr. Brown. "You know I try to help these poor creatures when they appear for the first time. But now I have got her—the judge was angry, but yielded finally to my reasonings of a motherless girl's temptations in our great American cities. What can I do with her? I can't take her home," said Mrs. Brown. "The doctor would not permit that. He does not object—strongly, you know—to my doing philanthropic work outside, but the house is sacredly closed. What I want, Captain—excitedly—"to know is, if you can take her in."

The Army Captain was puzzled. The officers' quarters were so tiny and her life very busy—her public duties and her soldiers occupied all her time. Her heart was charged with many

responsibilities now. Should she—was it right for her to burden herself with any greater care than the many that crowded her heart and brain at the present moment? The outcome of her prayer and consideration was that she acquiesced in her visitor's entreaties, accompanied her to Katie's temporary waiting-place, and brought the erring one home with her.

Scene IV.—The Land of Orange Groves.

The balmy breezes of the southern climate swept up the beautiful thoroughfares and avenues of New Orleans. In the gardens of the rich the oleander tree with its lance-shaped leaves and dainty pink and white flowers, and the crepe myrtle boughs trembled in the sunlight. The orange trees bowed beneath the weight of their fruit.

It was not so in Burgundy Street. She had away there! The air came hot and scorching in the lower courts of the city, away from the refreshing environments of foliage and shady leaf. A white haggard face pressed against the window of a low

building in Burgundy Street, one of the worst houses. A desperate resolution had taken possession of the disconsolate owner. She had failed before in her determination to destroy her unhappy creature. It should be attempted in no such tragic mode this time. A few grains of morphine, a struggle, and then—oblivion (!). What is that sound? The strange to hear slogging in this locality! The street must have some courage to venture the testimony of Jesus amid those haunts of vice!

"I was once far away from the Saviour, and as vile as a sinner could be; And I wondered if Christ, the Redeemer,

Could save a poor sinner like me."

The bright eyes of the poor black tin-peddler shone with love divine. He little knew that a life was saved by the hope inspired through his simple song.

Poor Katie was arrested in her mad purpose of self-destruction. She had wandered far since the day she left Capt. G—, with tears in her eyes, and good resolutions in her heart, to make a situation in a distant city. From the west she wandered east to New York. She drank deeply sin's cup in many ways. Her spirit-drinking resulted in her being placed in the alcoholic ward in P— hospital.

She was so frightened and disgusted with herself that she promised God she would let Him work in her heart if He would help her at that time.

From New York she went south, but after she heard the negro's touching melody, a strong desire took possession of her to return to New York, and some southern ladies took an interest in her and effected this wish, hoping it would effect her reformation. For two or three years she had a fluctuating experience—sometimes in a Refuge, sometimes in vile resorts, sometimes debauching, then repenting, sinning, and sorrowing—ever wondering what the end would be.

Scene V.—A Letter that Brought Joy.

A young woman sat at her office desk earnestly perusing a letter. Her pale face and shadowy eyes told the story of a life spent in bearing the burdens of others, sharing their sorrows, and endeavoring to lift the sinful up to purity and God.

The morning mail brought to this Rescue worker its usual variety of good and ill tidings. One letter—a lengthy one—quashed the serious expression to a smile. She turned to the last page. "Yes," murmured audibly, "it is from Katie, after all these years—eight years it must be. Katie! Katie!"

Her face brightened, as she interjectedly read on. "Saved at last!" she exclaimed. "It had seemed that all those weeks of prayer, tears, entreaties, and warnings, those midnight hours of weariness, after my duties to corps and people were finished, spent by her bedside, were wasted ones. But no, she has given her heart to Jesus after eight years' wanderings." That was the best letter the postman brought to Katie's old Captain's friend that day.

You shall peep at Katie's epistle, dear reader; then you, too, will know why the recipient of it was so glad.

"Oh, how wonderful is God's goodness and mercy. Praise the Lord! He will never give one up. He says, until seventy times seven. It's nearly six months now, and I have never tasted liquor since, and have no appetite for it. Oh, what an awful crime it is! The devil had me on the border of insanity. If anyone who reads these few lines ever takes a little, I would beg of them not to touch it, for that is how I began to get better. I praise God for Rescue Homes! There are so many dance-halls in our land, and no help for fallen women but to dance themselves to hell. There are very few people down south who believe that outcast women can be reclaimed, but I know and feel in my heart that we are the people Jesus came to seek and to save."

Prayer is the pulse of the Christian's life—there is no secular, no sacred, all is God.

As we are moving down the stream of time, let us be prepared for landing at the right haven.

WHO ARE YOU?

BY DR. C. C. C. T. W. SCOTT.

"And the evil spirit answered and said, Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?"—Acts xiv. 18.

Ephesus. St. Paul the Apostle had created quite a sensation in the city. The first was a religious one. The Holy Spirit came to the twelve early believers, who, up to this time, had only received the baptism of John. They now received the Holy Ghost. This was quite a new start for Paul, and would encourage him in his mission to Ephesus.

Hardened sinners. The devil had some faithful followers in this city, as well as St. Paul, who were busy, and who, aided by their master, and his Satanic Majesty, made great efforts to hinder the glorious Gospel of Christ. Paul thought it wise to leave their synagogue, after faithfully warning them for three months, and preached two years in the school of one Tyrannus.

Special Miracles. Notwithstanding the opposition he encountered, this beautiful work of God kept right on with his work. God gave him special grace to help him in this time of need, so that from his body aprons or handkerchiefs were brought to the sick, who were healed of their diseases. There was surely no efficacy in the aprons or the handkerchiefs themselves, but here is an evidence that Paul had miracle-working power.

Then, this was getting rather serious for the unbelievers. Invaders were being made in their territory. Souls were being saved, and bodies healed. Paul was the chosen vessel. Through him came the Holy Ghost, and doubtless there was great joy in that city, as in the case of Philip and his glorious revival in Samaria.

Vengeances. In the midst of this revival and glorious manifestation of God's power to save, here comes an attempt by these vagabond Jews to upset the good work now going on in the city. See how they begin. Observe the tactics adopted by them. This allows us to see the drift of human nature, and gives us one more lesson of evil workers. "Then certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them (assumed the responsibility) to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus, whom Paul preacheth."

Satan laughs. Here is an attempt of those empty-soul professors to do the work of God without the Spirit of God. Vain undertaking!

Satan laughs at those who attempt to expel him out of the bodies and souls of men—(Wesley.) These men, in the height of their indignation, attempt to do the work accomplished by the Holy Spirit. They miserably failed, and so will everybody else who tries to cast out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of darkness. Over the sons of Bevea, the chief priest, found themselves humiliated and defeated. The Spirit's Answer. Mark the re-

sults of the efforts! Listen to the answer—read verse 18—"Jesus I know, Paul I know (I—the evil spirit), but who are ye?" Compare the difference between Paul and these wicked exorcists, these hypocrites! Here is an evidence that even wicked spirits can discern between the genuine and the counterfeit. Between the pure and the impure. Poor sinners can feel the difference between the whole-souled St. Paul and the man of woman whose heart is not with us. Between the red-hot soul and the lukewarm professor.

Defeated. Driven from their ground, without a prop to lean on, they fled for their lives. Overcome by the man in whom the evil spirit was, they found themselves powerless and utterly unable to resist his force. Sinners have hypocrites and humbugs. However bad they may be, they do like the truth, and nothing but the truth. The glorious Gospel presented to them without veneer or polish will play havoc with their consciences, show them their hideous sin, and finally bring them to Christ, otherwise there will be failure, humiliation and disgrace.

Blessings. There are many lessons to be derived from this incident in the life of Paul. It should certainly encourage the faithful and devoted followers of Jesus. The earnest, sanctified, whole-hearted men and women, who toil night and day to emancipate the slave of sin and Satan, will find encouragement in these verses. It shows the reward of the faithful and the punishment of the unfaithful.

To Others. It should be a warning to those who attempt to preach the Gospel of Christ without His sanction and without His Spirit. Men who enter the vineyard with selfish motives will sooner or later be discovered. Their weakness will be revealed in time of battle. Their armor will prove defective, their defense weak. Their humiliation, and disgrace will follow; not only to them, but the organization they represent.

The weapons of warfare are not carnal, but are mighty, through God, and it is only by His Spirit that we can hope to make headway. It is the Spirit that gives life. The Holy Ghost gave life to the disciples in the upper room. The Holy Ghost gave light to Paul while he witnessed the death of Stephen the martyr, and this Spirit will revolutionize things throughout our country. Oh, for the baptism of the Holy Ghost!

A Skeleton. Salvationists can parrot this lesson and take these ghost paragraphs as a skeleton. It is simply an outline, which is sent forth full of faith. Trusting that the Lord of glory will acknowledge this little effort at the saving and sanctifying of many souls, and especially the incoming of the Holy Ghost to believers, is the earnest prayer of—T. W. S.

THE G.

The Academy of Accommodate Gathered to General of A.

Halifax—home of the TONIES, brighten TARS, AND any TOMMIES, handed the Gen.

every class of social and every representative. Hundreds had turned spacious station was conditions who wait. "The whole town is coming," said one on the street they are as to how, when, and "And the prospects "Well, every race snatched up, which ap- rate."

But that disappoint- an hour before meet- spoke yet more eloquently was lighted places on the steps, h- what inexorably. W- was congested to its u- but an Army speaker- The hall is a fine- leries and a spacious- to suffocation, there balcony, gallery, or- represented the high- tion. It is a signifi- meetings unite as one- elements absolutely for citizens of every pr- over, while the rough- by no means absent- peering from indecor- conspicuous in the th- intelligent and attentiv-

and made an enthu- up among the gods- brilliant crowd told th- Such a crowd must h- tion to the General, as- from the hand in the o- applause from the cro- General appeared from the Field Commission- of leading officials of- The chairman, the

THE CHAIRMAN'S G- INTRODUCTION. - personal capacity- to do both. He said- possible pleasure to p- afford the greater op- the opportunity of tan- some wishing to the

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THE GENERAL'S SWEEPING MEETING AT HALIFAX.

The Academy of Music Inadequate to Accommodate the Great Crowd which Gathered to Hear Our Veteran General—Eloquent Words of Appreciation.

Halifax—home of the Tar and the Tommy, and with the full complement of mingled brightness and heartache of a military seaport, all the same an open-handed and open-hearted place, and the General's visit was welcomed by every class of society, every grade of character, and every representative of creed.

Hundreds had turned out to greet him, and the spacious station was thronged with all sorts and conditions who waited to do him honor. "The whole town is excited over the General's coming," said one officer in our ear; "everywhere on the street they are besieging us with questions as to how, when, and where he would appear."

"And the prospects for tonight?"

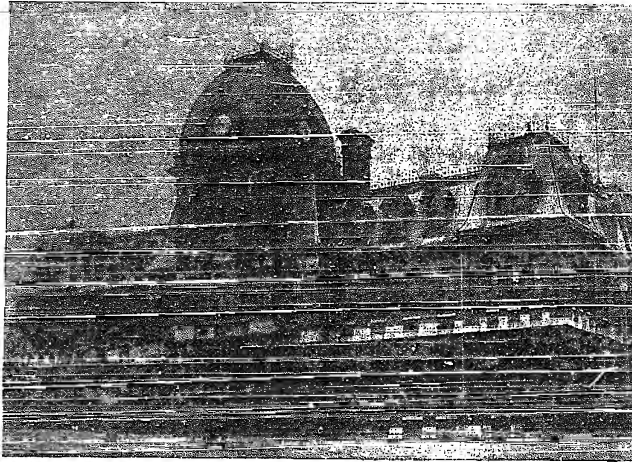
"Well, every reserved seat ticket has been snapped up, which speaks for a full house, at any rate."

But that disappointed crowd in the street, half an hour before meeting-time, some hours later, spoke yet more eloquently of the fact. The thoroughfare was blocked—men fought for front-rank places on the steps, but the doors were shut—and shut favorably. Within, the Academy of Music was congested to its utmost capacity, and swarming with an Army speaker might have been haunted with some fear of panic.

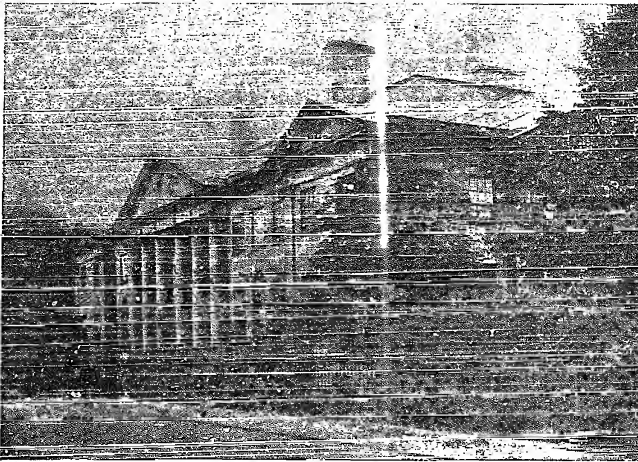
The hall is a fine building, with two huge galleries and a spacious stage. Every inch was packed to suffocation, there was not a seat available—balcony, gallery, or area. The immense crowd represented the highest and lowest of the population. It is a significant fact that the General's meetings unite as one man in one common interest elements absolutely foreign to one another. Not a citizen of every profession and place were all over, while the rougher and tougher element were by no means absent. Ladies in dressy toiles, and peering from indescribable flower-gardens, were conspicuous in the throng. A crowd of men, intelligent and attentive, crammed every window sill

is about to address you to-night. General Booth is known not only in this part of the world, but wherever the English language is spoken, and wherever great Christian efforts are realized and valued. He has devoted his long and useful life to the elevation of our people, and we know from the best authority in the Old Land, as well as from observations among ourselves, that his influence has ever been in the direction of purity and the elevation of moral sentiment and Christian life. We know that the Army has been able to attract to its places of worship people who do not usually

his schemes." The General's description of Salvationism, as the mingling of humanity and divinity, was a masterly word-picture which struck us as peculiarly happy, and evoked spontaneous appreciation on the part of the various magistrates who adorned the platform. There was intense stillness as the General outlined his plans for the future, and demonstrated the principles which had been laid down for the perpetuity of the Army. "I do not think," said a ladies officer, "what the question, 'Has the Army come to stay?' will ever again be asked in Halifax." It was a wonderful address



Depot of Intercolonial Railway, Halifax, N.S.



Provincial Buildings, Halifax, N.S.

and made an enthusiastic dash for the wall "up among the gods," in the gallery, a patch of brilliant scarlet told the presence of Tommy Atkins. Such a crowd must have been in itself an inspiration to the General, as amid a fanfare of trumpets from the band in the orchestral seats and a hearty applause from the crowd all over the building, the General appeared from the wings, accompanied by the Field Commissioner, and followed by a galaxy of leading officials of State and religion.

The Chairman, the Hon. Glavin Jones, was both graceful and warm in his introduction. As Lieutenant-Governor, he had the right to extend the welcome of the Province in an official as well as a personal capacity, and requested his desire to do both. He said: "It affords me the greatest possible pleasure to preside to you. Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than that I should have the opportunity of tendering the welcome of this Province to the distinguished gentleman who

frequent our more established forms of church government, and it is for this reason that without the Salvation Army a large majority of this class would be very badly off for Christian instruction and guidance."

Seldom have we heard the General to better advantage. The logic of his arguments for the social and spiritual amelioration of mankind, the force of his experience as he dealt with the problems of the age, and the impressive solemnity of his appeal for the blessing and beneficence of the people carried all before them. As one said afterwards, "It would be a difficult matter to doubt the divinity of the man's mission after listening to such an inspired declaration of his projects for the helping of others, knowing, too, of the marvelous success which has followed





A. B. Crosby,
Mayor of Halifax N.S.

from first to last and held that vast audience spellbound.

Mayor Crosby's proposition of the vote of thanks first voiced his feeling of honor that this should be his duty and privilege.

He said, "General Booth is no stranger to us. He comes to us well on in years, but we believe with many fears yet ahead of him, and if spared we trust that he will pay another visit to the city of Halifax, which will offer him as genial a reception as any part of the world could offer him. We trust that work, so well begun, and so successfully carried on, may continue. I was proud indeed to believe that as the General proceeded with his interesting and instructive lecture, there was not one reference to which a Christian of other creed could take exception to. I thank the gentlemen for this honor conferred upon me in standing in my present capacity, and feel sure that in moving this vote of thanks, you will give a hearty accord to the distinguished and noble General."

Mr. J. C. MacKintosh, ex-Mayor of the city, seconded the motion in a MACKINTOSH'S fervent speech of APPRECIATION. "In years gone by," said Mr. MacKintosh, "I have had the pleasure of meeting General Booth.



Hon. G. H. Murray,
Premier of Nova Scotia.

Once, in my official capacity, I had the privilege of dining through the streets with him. In not exactly a merry party, but certainly the best party I have ever taken for him in the city. I have always taken the greatest interest in the Army. It fell to my lot to introduce the first Salvation Army officers, and I am happy to say, with His Worship, that the city of Halifax has always respected the Army with consideration and kindness, and that we have found it to be a great force for good in our city. Tonight, we have listened to a masterly description of the Army's work, and it is a great understanding to everybody. We

have an illustration of the efficacy of his Social scheme in our own midst—the Army's Rescue Home—which has an amazing number, I find, of successful cases. Then there is the Salvation Army Shelter also in our city. I have been there, and looked the building over, and give it as my advice to every gentleman in the house to-night that it is better to give a man an order for that institution than to give him cash to squander. In our church life I think we owe the Army a good deal. A good many of our stars sleep back to us through the Army's help." Then ensued an amusing incident when the honored gentleman, wishing to compliment the General upon his youthful and vigorous attitude, pronounced him to be one year ahead of his years, upon which the

General set him right amid flounders of applause, saying, "I wouldn't know I was even that if they did not tell me." The speaker concluded by a heart appeal for hearty applause, saying that "an ounce of taffy is worth a ton of epiphany," and that he felt sure that all ought to let General Booth know of the high esteem in which they held both his noble work and his noble self.

A numerous acknowledgment for "this very agreeable piece of taffy," from the General, with a heart-felt wish for the spiritual blessing of the city, and a promise to, if spared, visit it again, brought to a close the most remarkable meeting in the history of the Army in Halifax—one which has left its mark upon the conscience, as well as the intelligence, of the community.

Happenings of the Week.

Canadian Cuttings.

Antarctic in Ontario is the announcement made by parties concerned in some recent tests and examinations of coal in the vicinity of Chelmsford, 20 miles north-west of Sudbury. Mr. Tait has resigned his position in the Government at the demand of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

After her arm was cut off by a freight train, the four-year-old daughter of Isaac Francis, Toronto Junction, ran to her home. She is expected to recover.

Great Britain has asked Canada to assist in raising and maintaining in the Dominion a force of 5,000 men for imperial defence purposes. The Government has declined the proposal.

Town, the Altona murderer, is reported to be dying in the Winnipeg Hospital.

A Galician woman was shot and killed by a hunter mistaking her for a deer, near Dauphin, Man. This is an only too frequent occurrence.

Mayor Hendrie, of Hamilton, has received \$5,000 from an unknown philanthropist for city charities. About fourteen million bushels of this year's western wheat have been marketed at the C.P.R. points.

Miss Louise Smith and Manager Mathias lost their lives in the Fairview, B.C., hotel fire. A man named Allen injured his spine by jumping and is not expected to recover.

The Ontario Government has broken off the negotiations which have been proceeding with American capitalists, among them Mr. W. J. Bryan, for the purchase of a large tract, about three million acres, for a colonization purpose.

Reports to the Bureau of Mines point out that America is interested in iron ore deposits and a making careful observations in northern and north-western Ontario.

Four years ago work was commenced on the big power canal of the Michigan Lake Superior Power Company, and for the last three days the citizens of Sault Ste. Marie, on both sides of the river, have been celebrating the completion of the greatest water-power development in the world.

British Briefs.

The Scottish Antarctic expedition has sailed from Glasgow.

The British Government has withdrawn its proposed Irish land purchase bill.

A company has been formed with a view to opening depots in London for the sale of foods manufactured in Canada.

Sir Robert Bond, Premier of Newfoundland, is in Montreal, on his way home from Washington to report the results of his recent negotiations.

The British Government will send reinforcements of Indian troops in strengthening the expedition against the Waris.

The Chief Constable of Birmingham has issued a warning to all arms and ammunition manufacturers not to sell goods for shipment to the proclaimed districts of Ireland. A special order has also been issued that such to seven ports of Ireland are not to be loaded with arms must be clearly marked as such, under pain of stringent penalties.

The number of wrecks of fishing vessels off the coast of Newfoundland this year has been unprecedentedly large.

The British Admiralty has given a contract for three new cruisers with a speed in fighting trim, of 25½ knots an hour.

U. S. Sitings.

As an instance of the rarity of much of the material which forms the subject matter of the Grollier Society publications, at the sale of the collection of the late Thomas Cox, of Brooklyn, N.Y., the volume, "Horace Walpole and His World," sold for the enormous sum of \$4,200. At a later sale "Peg Woffington's Account with Sir Darnley" brought \$150, and one of the earliest New York play-bills fetched \$100. Facsimiles of both of these literary relics are to be found in "The Days of the Dawdlers," just published, while the volume, "Horace Walpole," forms one of the set.

Twelve men were burned to death in a Chicago fire. The flames spread so rapidly that the workers in a Glucose Sugar Refinery had no time to escape.

The United Irish League Convention, at Boston, pledged itself to raise \$100,000 within the next six months for the cause of Ireland.

Five Indianapolis physicians have been implicated for complicity in wholesale grave robbing.

It is reported that the Prince and Princess of Wales will attend the opening of the St. Louis Exposition.

The coal strike arbitration commission held its first session at Washington.

The Supreme Court of Washington Territory has decreed that a native of Japan cannot become a citizen of the United States.

The operators have declined to add 50c a ton to the sale price of coal, on the ground that the cost of production has been increased through impairment of plant during the strike.

President Morton, of the International Association of Stationary Engineers and Firemen, says all members will be ordered to refuse to handle anthracite coal until members in the anthracite region are reinstated on the basis on which the miners returned to work.

International Items.

The forces of the great powers will shortly be withdrawn from Shanghai.

The miners' strike at Dunkirk, which was attended by serious rioting, has been settled.

The Somaliland expeditionary force, under Colonel Gervaise, made a successful retreat to Pothofie, and is there awaiting reinforcements.

King Oscar of Sweden has decided in favor of Germany and against Great Britain and the United States in claims for damages arising out of disturbances in Samoa in 1899.

It is rumored that a treaty between Germany, Britain, and Portugal has been signed, providing for the partition of the latter's East African possessions between the two former.



A. J. Jones, P.C.,
Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia.

The volcano of Izalco, in Salvador, is now in a state of violent eruption. The eruption began on Sept. 1th, when five large openings, or craters, formed on the north side of the volcano, from which large quantities of lava and burning stones were ejected. People living in the Town Izalco and the neighboring country, toward which the lava poured, fled at its appearance, and believe that their houses were completely destroyed. The stream of lava, which was very deep, flowed for a distance of three miles from the crater.

In the Danish Landething the proposed sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States was defeated by a tie vote.

Russia has asked the British Government for permission to establish direct relations with Afghanistan, but has not answered a request for particulars of the proposed relations.

Many Italians are volunteering in support of the Macedonian cause, and they have appealed to General Ricciotti Garibaldi to assume their leadership. The General, however, thinks the time is not yet ripe. He expects that spring will see the revolt spreading seriously in Albania and other Turkish Provinces, in which event he says he will not hesitate to lead Italian volunteers in operation in Albania.

A native of Fez, Morocco, who married an English missionary, was executed at Tangier.

It is reported that several hundred men were killed and wounded in recent engagements between Turkish troops and Macedonian insurgents.

Motions and bills for the separation of church and state have been introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies.

Four British gunboats are proceeding up the Yangtze River, China, to obtain satisfaction for the murder of two missionaries.

Prof. Koch made an important address before the International Tuberculosis Congress, at Berlin.

The St. Petersburg police have captured an accomplice in the reported plot, recently unearthed at Copenhagen against Dowager-Empress Marie Darnier of Russia.

The Bulgarian Government, in a note to the powers, says that unless reforms in Macedonia are insisted upon it will be impossible to check the pro-Macedonian agitation in Bulgaria.

A hurricane has swept over Port Diamante, Argentine Republic, between the Rivers Uruguay and Parana. Between persons were killed and many were injured. A hundred houses were destroyed and several ships were sunk. Negroys and other places were also damaged.

The National Committee of the French Miners' Federation agreed to submit the demands of the miners to arbitration, which ought to include the establishment of a minimum wage and the regulations of the hours of work.

Commissioner Riedel, of Norway, is getting ready a party of Norwegian officers for India.

THE IMPERIAL

Some Facts About the History of Ottawa.

From a village, consisting of a few huts, in 1827, to the unincorporated city of Ottawa, at its incorporation in 1854, with a population of about 10,000, to the capital of this fair city in 1858, and the magnificent Imperial City of Ottawa, with a population of 63,000 souls in 1902, has a record to be proud of.

In 1827, there arrived at the site destined to be the capital, an officer of the Royal Engineers, By, who superintended the construction of the Rideau Canal and the village later taking the name of By Town. Such it remained until 1854, when the name of Ottawa was given. In 1857, when the Ambulatory system prevailed, the old Parliament of Canada held its sessions alternately at Montreal and Ottawa. In 1858, when the Ambulatory system prevailed, the old Parliament of Canada held its sessions alternately at Montreal and Ottawa. In 1858, when the Ambulatory system prevailed, the old Parliament of Canada held its sessions alternately at Montreal and Ottawa.

The Parliament Building, which is the Senate and House of Commons chambers and courts, and the splendid library situated in the centre of the city, an edifice facing the city, with Ottawa River flows majestically rear. The Departmental buildings containing the different offices located on either side, which Langens Departmental Block, about twelve years ago, is a fine old building of Wellington Street. The corner of the buildings was laid by the of Wales during his visit to Ottawa in 1860.

While Ottawa has always been the centre of the lumber industry of Canada in former years, it is now rapidly taking the place of manufacture, as where were six great lumber firms and power of the Chaudiere some 450,000 only one large lumber firm cutting lumber there.

On April 25th, 1900, Ottawa visited with a conflagration, which devastated the whole western end of the city, doing millions of dollars' worth of damage and rendering homeless thousands of people. To-day the city is practically all rebuilt, with much superior class of buildings. In the religious world, Ottawa well to the fore, every denomination of the Christian church has their place of worship. Under the name of the Salvation Army takes no place. In March, 1854, the city opened fire in the city under the command of Capt. Ada Hinds, and a great wave of salvation which over the city, is still fresh in the memory of many, and the Ottawa soldiers with the remainder of their lives and brothers the whole Dominion, in wishing that Grand Old

Inter-Praying

THE IMPERIAL CITY.

Some Facts About the History of Ottawa.

From a village, consisting of a few huts, in 1827, to the unpretentious city of Ottawa, at its incorporation in 1854, with a population of about 7,000, to the capital of this fair Dominion in 1858, and the magnificent and Imperial City of Ottawa, with a population of 63,000 souls in 1902, Ottawa has a record to be proud of.

In 1827, there arrived at the place destined to be the capital, an Imperial officer of the Royal Engineers, Colonel By, who superintended the construction of the Rideau Canal and locks, the village later taking the name of By Town. Such it remained until incorporation. In 1857, when the parliamentary system prevailed, which caused the old Parliament of Canada to hold its sessions alternately at Quebec and Montreal, was found obviously inconvenient, and as no understanding could be arrived at between the political parties as to the place of meeting, an address was passed in 1857, asking Queen Victoria to exercise her prerogative and name the capital of Canada. This she did in 1858, naming Ottawa.

This being the seat of Government, the Houses of Parliament are located here—a magnificent pile of grey colored Otto free stone, of Old Gothic style of architecture—the pride of every Ottawian.

The Parliamentary Building, in which are the Senate and House of Commons chambers and committee rooms, and the splendid library, is situated in the centre of the block, on an eminence facing the city, while the Ottawa River flows majestically in the rear. The Departmental buildings, containing the different offices, are located on either side, while the Langorin departmental block—built about twelve years ago—in on the north side of Wellington Street, facing the others. The construction of the buildings was laid by the Prince of Wales during his visit to Canada in 1860.

While Ottawa has always been considered the centre of the lumber industry of Canada in former years, today it is moving rapidly into other lines of manufacture, as where there were six great lumber firms using the power of the Chaudiere some years ago, today only one large lumber concern cutting lumber there.

On April 25th, 1900, Ottawa was visited with a conflagration which devastated the whole western end of the city, doing millions of dollars' worth of damage and rendering homeless thousands of people. To-day the district is practically all rebuilt, with a much superior class of buildings.

In the religious world, Ottawa is well to the fore, every denomination of the Christian church has their own place of worship. Under this head the Salvation Army takes no second place. In March, 1854, the Army opened fire in the city under the command of Capt. Ada Hinde, and the great wave of salvation which swept over the city is still fresh in the memory of many, and the Ottawa soldiers join with the remainder of their sisters and brothers the wide Dominion over, in wishing that Grand Old Lead-

er, General Booth, a great welcome to the Capital of Canada, the fairest jewel in Britain's crown.

Two Russell Theatre, in which the General's meeting was held, was built about 1899, but was destroyed by fire in 1900, being rebuilt last year.

The Marquis of Lorne has made the following reference of the view from Parliament Hill:

"The cliff overlooking the Ottawa, north of the Parliament Buildings, commands a magnificent view of the Falls of the Chaudiere, and of the lakes above, studded with islands, and of the hilly country to the northward, with the broad river immediately below; a water power which suggests unlimited possibilities, and a territory which hides in its bosom untold wealth in minerals."

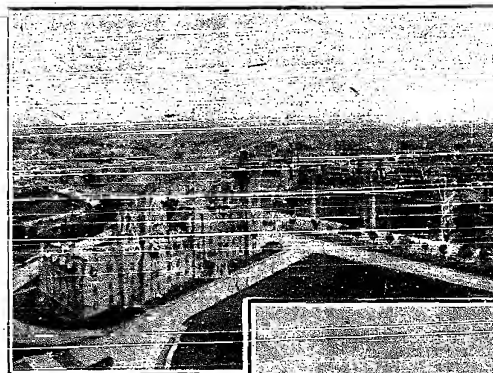
Germany.

Commissioner Oliphant and Brigadier Gaudet were at International Headquarters recently on important German business. They have now returned to the Fatherland.



Spark Street, Ottawa.

View of Ottawa from Parliament Building—Left Wing of Parliament Building in Foreground.

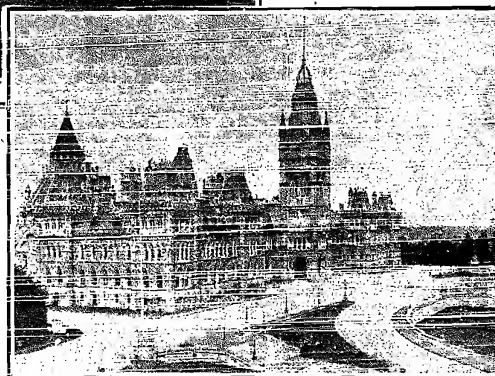


France.

Commissioner Ralston was taken sick during a visit in the southern part of France, and compelled for a short time to keep away from active work.

Major Ferrus, a former judge and an old veteran in the work, has been asked by the International Headquarters to keep himself in readiness to conduct important meetings and councils of officers in different foreign countries.

In spite of many drawbacks and difficulties the work is on a forward move, and Commissioner Ralston is confident of ultimate victory.



Main View of Dominion Parliament Building, Ottawa.

Major L. Jeanmonod, one of our pioneer workers in France, has been promoted to the rank of Brigadier. The new Brigadier is now working in Switzerland.

Belgium and Holland.

Commissioner Cosandey has bought a large building in Rotterdam, which will be used as a Night Shelter and Barracks.

A Home was also opened last month in the same city to help prisoners, after having served their term.

Another city has been attacked by our forces. It is the important city of Spezia. Already the work accomplished seems to give excellent results.

Practical piety must be personal. Always speak kindly and politely to servants.

gratitude and noblest praise. As a city, we should be thankful for the proud position we occupy as the capital of the Dominion, that our civic government is well administered, that in the face of a threatened civil famine our city fathers were the first to move and relieve the strain and anxiety of its people. That Ottawa, in this matter sets an example to other slower cities in quickly and successfully meeting the needs of the situation.

ATTENTION!—WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

Wanted!—Blood-and-the-cold-warrior and women, who are anxious to spend a few months during the coming winter in soul-saving work.

The Soul-Saving Troupe of men, for the last two years, has done good work; it has been decided, therefore, to form a troupe, now composed of men and the other of women. If you wish to offer yourself for this work apply at once to Major Mitchell, Salvation Citadel, London, Ontario.

Only workers need apply.

A. J. Jones, P.C.,
Governor of Nova Scotia.

cano of Isalco, in Salvador, a state of violent eruption. On Sept. 7th, large openings, or craters, on the north side of the volcano, in which large quantities of burning stones were ejected, in the town Isalco and neighboring country, toward which source, had at its appearance, were that their houses were destroyed. The stream of lava was very deep, flowed for a distance of three miles from the

Danish Landething the people of the Danish West Indies United States was defeated by

has asked the British Government permission to establish relations with Afghanistan, but answered a request for participation in the proposed relations.

Italians are volunteering in the Macedonian cause, and have appealed to General Rissotto to assume their leadership. The General, however, thinks it is not yet ripe. He expects the war will see the revolt spread to Armenia and other provinces, in which case he will not hesitate to lead volunteers in operation in Albania.

irs of Paz, Morocco, who married a Belgian missionary, was executed.

reported that several hundred were killed and wounded in engagements between Turkish and Macedonian insurgents.

has and bills for the separation of church and state have been introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies.

British gunboats are proceeding to the Yangtze river, China, to make a demonstration for the murder of missionaries.

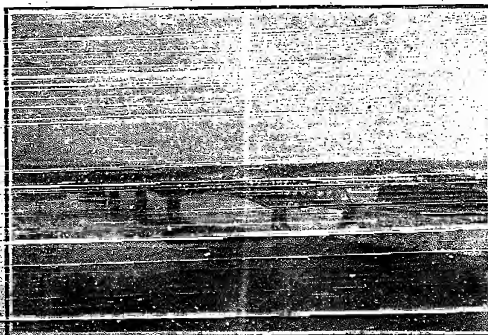
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National Convention of the Miners' Federation agreed to the demands of the miners to strike, which would result in the establishment of a new wage in regulations at the hour of

ministers of India, the new ruler of India, the new ruler of India, the new ruler of India.



Inter-Provincial Bridge, Ottawa.

THE SOLDIERS' SECTION

Daily Readings

"So teach us to number our days,
that we may apply our
SUNDAY heart unto wisdom."—Ps.
xc. 12. On a death-bed
nothing will soothe our dying hours,
nor bring us more joy, than the recol-
lection of the souls that we have been
able to lead to the Saviour's feet. The
little sacrifices that we have made in
pursuit of this grand object will ap-
pear as nothing when we stand with
one foot on the grave and look back
upon a life of successful service. Oh,
that we may live so as to have no
regrets to haunt us when we come to
face our dying hours.

MONDAY. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."—

ago a poor man under the influence of liquor staggered into a San Francisco bar and took a seat. While one of our comrades was testifying, the drunkard arose from his seat and poured forth a terrible flow of abuse. The Captain went down and requested him to keep quiet. A few minutes later the man left the hall and sought his lodging house. When he reached the head of the stairway leading to his bedroom, he misjudged his footing, and falling to the bottom of the stairs, broke his neck. "Fire that the man is proved, but hardeneth his heart and stiffeneth his neck, shall cut off suddenly, and that without remedy," says the old Book—and it is true. Let us to it, and show by our actions that we are men of words. We are men of words, and show the blessedness of a holy life.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard,
neither have entered in-
to the heart of man, the
things which God hath
prepared for them that love him."
I Cor. 13:12. In a city, there is
a magnificent house, and in one of the
drawing-rooms of this house there is
hung a picture, expensive, it has
just been bought for a little bit of
money—a telegraph form—is the one
word, "Saved." It was framed by the
lady of that mansion, and is dearer to
her than all the rest of her life. One
day when the awful news came to
her, through the papers, that the ship
on which her husband had sailed was
a perfect wreck, that he was dead,
she wept and wept, and saved her from
despair. It came across the sea. It
was the message of that rescued man,
by electric wire, and worth to two
hundred times its cost.

Oh, let such a message go up to-day
to yonder shore. The angels will
echo it over heaven, and there are
good friends there, and there are
many as much as their own very best.

"If ye think the royal law according to the Scripture."

WEDNESDAY. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

"So do well."—Jan. 11, 8. Turner, one of the greatest of English painters, and the greatest of the moderns, was a painter of business. It was to arrange about hanging the pictures sent for exhibition to the Royal Academy. The walls were already crowded with pictures, and he had to hang a picture which had been painted by a well-known artist from a distant town, who had no friend to advance his interest. "A good picture," said Turner, "but not his eye rested on it." He hung it high. "Impossible," replied the other members of the committee with one voice. The arrangement cannot be disturbed," said Turner, "it is a good picture," replied Turner; "It must be hung."

precept, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man upon the things of others."

"As for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the Gospel."—Eph. vi. 19. St. Augustine, in his explanation of this conversion, was much occupied in considering the doctrine of the Trinity. Walking by the sea, he observed a child filling a shell with water, which he asked him to do. The child replied, "What are you doing?" asked Augustine. The child-like answer was, "I am going to put all the sea into this hole." St. Augustine smiled and said, "I was going to say the same to say to him: 'And you also are trying to do the same thing, in thinking to comprehend the depths of God within the narrow limits of thy small mind.' The presence of God is infinite."

"Fight the battles of the Lord."—
 1 SAM. xxv. 23. Some time
 FRIDAY. ago (says a correspondent)
 I was passing across the
 Market Square of a North Country
 town. I saw a number of Salvationists
 holding an open-air meeting, and
 heard a man singing a salvation solo.
 I hurried past, for I was not then con-
 veyed, and had very little inclination
 to listen to what was being sung.
 Despite this, the words of the chorus
 of the song took hold of me. One
 line especially burnt itself into my

Evolution of the Salvation Army

A GLANCE AT ARMY WORK AROUND THE WORLD IN 1886.

Africa.

From France and Switzerland we will speed to the other side of the world for a few minutes to South Africa, and see what our comrades were doing in 1895.

With headquarters at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, our comrades were at first only able to operate in the Cape Siam and in spite of the severe persecution and rufianism they had to endure, did signalily owned and blessed the label.

Our first African War Cry was printed early in Dutch and partly in English. A new movement at the time was called the "Cavalry Brigade". This consisted of large wagons staffed with men, some of whom were business men, each drawn by twelve oxen, stopping at every village and town to hold meetings, sell War Cry, and speak to individuals about salvation. This work was carried on with great success, and many of the people, and many souls converted by this means, although there were many barbedine

to encounter. The country in some places was terribly rough, so that the ground was most impassable, and one could not even walk on it for four or five more men to pull them out of a hole, but still onward they marched. The prospect at present is bright for South Africa. The Army has greatly increased in numbers since the country the last few years, but in Cape Town, the present Headquarters, as all over the Territory, the Salvation war is being pushed along at a terrific pace. The future of the country notwithstanding its struggles, is splendid. The future of this country is too great to comprehend, when we think of the seven hundred different nations and tribes that inhabit the continent, besides the savage Soudanese, Abyssinians, and the more civilized tribes of the north.

India.

The story of our work in India is by this time pretty widely known throughout Canada. This missionary field has always claimed exceptional interest, and many of our comrades have been sent to help spread salvation in that land of darkness and

heart, and kept ringing through my brain: "Soon your turn will come to die"—they were the words.

I confess they made me feel very uncomfortable. At home, in the pit, at all times, whether drunk or sober, the words kept buzzing in my ears, until I became the most miserable of men. I am sorry to confess that I resisted God's strivings for quite a long time. Mercifully, He did not leave me to the hardness of my heart; He wooed me and won me by His tender pleading, and now I am His servant, doing my utmost to win others from the ways of sin.

This incident may encourage some of our comrades who toll for Christ in the open-air, and rarely see the good result of their efforts.

"The way of life is shove to the wise,
that he may depart
SATURDAY from hell beneath."

Prov. xv. 24. A poor negro woman had a young niece who sorely vexed the poor soul. One day, after hearing a new preacher, the niece came bounding into the room, saying:

"Aunty, aunty, I ain't gwine to believe in hell no more. Ef dar is any hell, I jess wants to know where dey got all dere brimstone for dat place ; dat's what I'd like to know."

The old woman fixed her eyes on her, and with a tear on her cheek, said : "Ah, honey darlin', you look out you don't go dare, for you'll find dey all tsksee dere own brimstone wid um!"

superstition, and our minds have some slight idea of the sacrifice and hardship borne by our officers on the burning sands of India.

lag gangs or India. Success has attended our efforts ever since they began the work amongst the natives. Commissioner Booth-Tucker says, as early as '86: "The success that we attained, even before we took up the Kafir dress and adapted ourselves to the native customs of India, was remarkable indeed. Our meetings were attended by Mahomedans, Hindoos, Parsees, Arabs, Jews, and Christians, and we had many of those publicly seek the Saviour; but we observed that many of the poor natives and half-castes stood at the back of the hall and did not."

To bridge this gap between the Salvation Army and the lowest of these natives, the Commissioner decided that he and his little band should adopt the native customs and make themselves one with them. Ever since this step was taken, the natives have come by thousands to seek the Saviour.

Our comrades went even lower still. They begged their bread from door to door; sometimes getting two meals a day and many times only one; and, thank God, they were of that stamp who are willing to suffer anything, and even die for, *la causa*.

The work was begun in native villages by house to house visitation.

"Since I have adopted the native dress, I have been doing some visiting among the natives. I pass the road I hear behind me, 'Mouslam hogiya,' that is, 'He has turned Mus-
homedan.' Others again interrupt and say, 'No, he is a Christian.' con-
tinuing on, I met with a 'Salaam
Shahib,' and with a look of astonish-
ment, says a native, 'Ab bhi juta
phenk'diya?' You have also thrown
off your shoes?' Yes, says I, 'and not
only that, I wish to be entirely like
you.' Come to the 'Gootalas,' (Well-
ington Square) any evening at 5.30
p.m. and you will hear something

about Mukhl. 'Achha,' and off he goes. I pass between some butts and am asked to sit down. I consent, and then have a friendly salvation talk with a friendly Mahommedan. A word of prayer, and I leave to go on until I am asked what I want among the butts. I say, 'I see so many people in sin and going to destruction that I feel sad and wish to get them saved from it—true religion is love.' 'Yes.'



Mayor White, of St. John, N.B.,
Who moved the vote of thanks at the
General's lecture.

says he, 'thik bat,' 'sacht bat.' 'Well,' I ask him, 'And what are you doing?' 'I says he, 'I? Why I follow my religion, and am as God keeps me. God is King, and we must obey Him.' 'Yes, that is true, but don't you see that many people don't obey Him, and you must, or you cannot enter heaven. Just think about that.' I pray for him and leave, asking the Lord for wisdom to reach their hearts. This is a sketch of the beginning of native visiting."

This door to door begging was found a splendid opportunity of speaking to the people about their souls, and many cried to God for salvation before our people left their doors.

Our barracks generally consisted of a shed made of palm leaves, to hold about 500 people, and in these green sheds as many as one hundred and two hundred have been known to seek salvation in a single night.

in Gujarat we had greater victories. Beside the sacrifice, our comrades had to hear Government persecutions, who did not understand the S. A. then as well as they do at present., our God

A plank beneath a tree served as a bed, and oftentimes they were awakened in the middle of the night by some poor native who had come

In Ceylon there were many wonderful cases of conversion, and although the inhabitants were nearly all Buddhists, they were glad to embrace a salvation that not only made them happy, but took away their sins, which they admitted none of the priests or prophets

Eight lads and lasses from Canada left at this date for India. The success of our officers has sprung out of not only their devotion to God, but

their willingness to adapt themselves to the people, which is virtually carried out in everyday life by the Salvation Army. India is the great centre from which Christianity will spread through all the Eastern nations. The Salvation Army, with God's blessing, means to do its part for the conversion of the Eastern world.

The position of the S. A. in India to-day is beyond description. From these small beginnings the work has gone on and on until we have a host of men and women of every class fighting under the red and blue flag, and redeemed through the precious blood of Jesus.



Silas thought the table at his feet in his eyes, he could not stand with whom he would be happy, as his one, but he was fast, but look this evening recesses of his there a raging fire, a fire that would down to the bottom overcome. The drink was not to off. A change of all very well, but was still a more do he was so sinful his wife know for trusted him so, and with a terrible cry should be as husband much longer he could smouldering ember could not well—had an unguarded moment a thousand could do as he would, he would, he would.

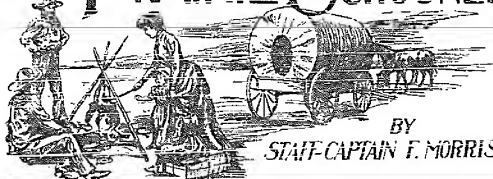
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CHAPTER

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CHAPTER

TAKING UP

THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER



BY
STAFF-CAPTAIN F. MORRIS

Silas thought as he looked across the table at his wife, still beautiful in his eyes, he would give worlds if he could but start life afresh. Those with whom he worked believed him to be happy, as his nature was a jolly one, but he was far from it. Could he but look this evening into the inner recesses of his soul, he would see there a raging fire of unrest, and distress that would eventually lead him down to the bottomless pit if it were not overcome. The craving for strong drink was not to be easily shaken off. A change of surroundings was all very well, but a change of heart was still a more desirable thing. That he was so sinful he would not have his wife know for the world. She trusted him so, and had he not vowed with a terrible oath to be what he should be as husband and father? How much longer he could cover up the smouldering embers of his passion he could not tell—by a single glass, in an unguarded moment, he would destroy a thousand good resolutions, and do as he would, he had found his master.

CHAPTER V.
A RAY OF HOPE.

Silas had been forming a plan in his mind for some time to make another break for liberty; he would take up land on the prairie, build a shack of some kind, take a few horses and cattle, and try again. He was sure there was money in such an undertaking, although he had little idea of the hardships which were before him, and what it really meant to take his small family practically away from civilization, where schooling for his children would be quite out of the question. But he had the plans all which he had held so long, and now, when the sleep which his physical strength must have been so much in need—the emphasis is advisable, for the General's spirit, may we be permitted to remark, has known no relaxation, his wife in tears; then it was that his conscience would smite him, and he would feel so miserable that he would have clasped death itself in his bosom if he had been quite convinced that it would have brought eternal relief to his disquieted spirit. But he had very serious misgivings about going into the great hereafter in his present condition. Silas was, however, convinced of one thing: that another change was necessary at once, and nothing else suggesting itself, he laid the bare facts of the case before Kate, who, while long having her misgivings about her husband, had not thought him to be the slave of sin he made himself out to be. The news nearly broke her heart, and no one knows the anguish of mind through which she passed the next few days. But time is a great healer of wounds, and in a short time Kate was ready to acquiesce in her husband's wishes, and busied herself with necessary preparations.

CHAPTER VI.
TAKING UP LAND.

It is hard to give an adequate description of pioneer life to those who have lived in the luxury of Eastern civilization. The early settlers of California, who reared their way through the forest and wilderness to the Golden Gate, in search of hidden treasures, before more modern means of travel were brought into requisition, had a tale to tell, but they said the foundations of what is now a wealthy and prosperous State of the Union, abounding in mineral resources

—a land of fruit, flowers, and sunshine.

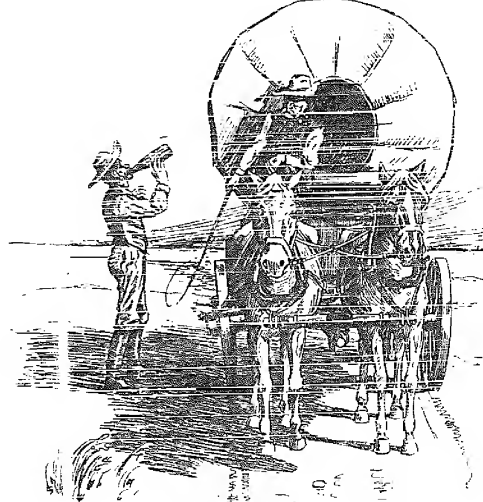
Then, again, the great Canadian North-West was not always the land of plenty, but was brought to its present state by the sufferings and hardships of brave men and women who plodded their way across mountains, valleys, and plains, enduring such privations as tongue fails to tell, resting at night under the starry heavens, with no shelter, save the crude coverings of their well-worn carls. There were perils by night and by day, and far more terrible was the uncertainty of the enterprise. Those who have sailed great distances across the mighty oceans well know the feel-

Here the struggle for life began, the howling wintry blasts would already begin to sting fiercely around the little home before wife and little children were sheltered from the storm. Then came the long and dark winter, with its blizzards and wearinesses; deprived of company and the productions of the press, little could be found to occupy the mind and bring cheer to the solitary pioneer. These were some of the trials which faced Silas Mulrooney and his wife during the first year of their pioneering experience. But withal, Katie and that first twelve months, during which time she saw not more than a score of people, and deprived of much that goes to make life happy, a sense of relief on account of her husband's temperamental habits, that she had not known for many years before.

CHAPTER VII.

THE START OF "THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER."

But with the settlement of the country the skies again began to darken, and storm-clouds were to burst upon their little haven in tempestuous fury, shaking their peace of mind to its very foundations, and leaving their lives as shattered crystals. We cannot here trace all the events of the downfall of Silas, but among many of the outline of the "prairie schooners"



Taking His First Bottle of Liquor from a "Prairie Schooner."

ings of loneliness which came stealing into the heart when the last land has been sighted, and although the levitation of the deep on which you travel may have sped across the water to a well-mapped-out destination, many times before, and that successfully, yet for all, the sensation as you lose sight of land is often one of depression.

There is the advantage, however, of knowing the port to which we sail, and if, perchance, we go to a city in a foreign land, the description and instruction has been sufficiently complete as to make us well certain there is a haven of rest at the end of the journey. But this was not so with the early pioneers—their journeys were long and dangerous, across boundless stretches of country over which no human feet had ever trod, save those of the Indian. Nature was undisturbed, and glories of earth they must have beheld far exceeding the handicraft of man in bowery beds of the great.

The journeys were not, either, of short duration, but many a day did we and set, many moons did come and wane, before the land of promise was reached. Then some rough structure shot up on the prairie, by dint of hard work, the small timber having gathered from a distant bluff, while, with skillful manipulation of the axe and hammer, the edifice was soon complete.

there could always be found a plentiful supply of some sort of intoxicating liquor, and it was not long before a very serious temptation came to Silas. It came about in this way: Silas had gone out one morning to feed his few cattle which were grazing on the prairie, when he was hailed by a man who was in a quandary as to which trail he should take, having come to a point where two roads met. After Silas had given the desired information, as a reward for his courtesy, a bottle of rum was drawn from under the wagon-seat and offered Silas, who, before he had quite understood what he was doing, and the morning being somewhat chilly, took a long draught out of the bottle. In a moment all his pent-up desires were aflame—as a spark to a powder-magazine, so was that fatal drink. It was the beginning of a career that not only brought him and his wife to grief, but nearly destroyed his whole family. Not being content with a glass now and then, when it might come his way, Silas made trips to a small hamlet some thirty miles distant, and as these trips could not be made often, he necessarily had to bring in a fair supply of spirits to meet his ever-increasing demand. Occasionally some passer-by would call in and ask if he had a drop, and of course would not be turned away. Thus it was that the thin edge of the wedge was introduced, and matters developed so that

Silas would put a small charge on any liquor he might supply. The news naturally spread, and bit by bit it became known that anyone could get a drink at Silas Mulrooney's if he only went after it, and the farmer discovering all at once there was more profit in this unscrupulous business than in farming, and that there was also less work in connection with it, began to run a tavern.

Agony is not the word to describe the state of Kate's mind when she found where matters had drifted, but as the continual dripping of water will wear away the hardest of rock, so was this patient spirit broken and disheartened by the wrong-doings of a husband who had promised to be all that God had intended a man should be to his wife.

(To be continued.)

"And I—Whither Shall I Go?"

(Genesis xxxvii. 30.)

By ADJ. A. BOOGS.

These words were spoken by Reuben, Jacob's eldest son, when he came to the pit, and found that his brother Joseph was not there. Being the eldest of his family and knowing how much his father loved Joseph, and having his mind made up to deliver him to his father from the rest of his brothers, his heart was wrung with anguish as he felt his responsibility for his brother's well-being, and he feared to stand before his father without him. Had he been sooner at the pit the chances were that he might have delivered his brother. And there are many in the pit of sin that you may rescue if you get there in time to help them by your prayers, faith, and example; that is, if you start right away to serve God. Reuben, the eldest, how many, in a spiritual sense, ought to have a care in helping their brothers and sisters to God and safety. How many there are who know that they ought to seek the Lord, and that their soul is in danger of being lost, and yet keep looking after the fleeting things of time until, like Reuben, they see they are too late to save their soul, or help their brothers, or reap any harvest, for they have done nothing, and in sorrow they cry out, "And I, whither shall I go?" Reuben had to meet Jacob, his father. And so we cannot hide from God. We must meet the record of our own lives. I remember hearing a man say that when he was out in a storm, with no hope but sudden death before him, all his past sins came up before him—every wrong he had done brought to mind in a moment of time, and in spirit he wondered whither should he go?

Dear sinner or backslider, don't trifle with God. Just think, if you get into the Kingdom of Grace, how many you may hear there as well. Perhaps there are loved ones you may win for God and heaven. Unsaved father or mother, brother or sister, do not, on the peril of your soul, let among those who shall be crying out, "And I, whither shall I go?" Look to Christ, cast your crimson river flows to wash your sins away. Find pardon, and then seek to win souls, and come at last rejoicing, bringing your sheaves with you.

OUR IDEALS GOVERN US.

We live in the throes of an intensely energetic age. We boast that we live fast, think fast, and travel fast, and that the telegraph and the press have infinitely multiplied our sensations. If our faces are eager and anxious, we do but reflect our environment. It was said of John Keats, that his face was the face of one who had looked upon a glorious vision; in other words, he had gazed his inward eye on beauty. You cannot have the face of the dreamer without the dream, the quiet eyes of the saint without the discipline of the spirit. Do not ask magical and impossible things; be reasonable. Figs do not grow on thistles, nor grapes on thorns. This universal law governs everything, and to have the calm brow you must have the calm soul, and if you think on pure things, you will be pure. Our ideals govern us, and what we think, we are; what we most think of, we most resemble.—Rev. W. J. Dawson.



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GAZETTE.

Promotion—
Lieut. Price, of Halifax Rescue Home, to be Captain.

Appointments—
ADJUT. BARR, of Dawson City, to Hamilton (pro tem).
ENSIGN WOOD, furlough, to London Rescue Home.
ENSIGN DUOK, furlough, to Montreal Rescue Home.
ENSIGN WILSON, of Carleton, to Spokane Rescue Home.
ENSIGN BUTLER, Spokane Rescue Home, to Vancouver Rescue Home.

Marriages—
ADJUT. ROBERT SMITH, who came out from Winnipeg on August 8th, 1927, and is now stationed at Port Simpson, B.C., to Lieut. Elsie Connon, who came out from Vancouver, B.C., on April 24th, 1921, and was last stationed at New Westminster, B.C., on Wednesday, October 22nd, at Vancouver.

ADJUT. W. H. BYERS, who came out from Yarmouth on July 10th, 1925, and is now at furlough, to Lieut. Jessie Copeland, who came out from Springfield on March 15th, 1922, and was last stationed at St. John I., on October 8th, at Fredericton, N.B.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.



The Coming Referendum.

At this moment, when the coming referendum agitates the populace of Ontario, while scarcely necessary, it will not be out of place to again emphasize the definite and uncompromising stand the Army has at all times taken regarding the drink evil and the drink traffic. We consider the use of intoxicating liquor at the root of the majority of criminal offences, and the cause of most moral and physical degeneracy. It is an evil from whatever side one may consider it, except from the point of pecuniary profit to the manufacturer and saloon keeper. The abject poverty and misery which drink's victim causes generally to neglected wives and innocent children is often talked about but little realized, except by those whose mission brings them into contact with the shoddes of the drunkard, and that is doubtless the strongest incentive Salvationists have for below narticulation set upon the annihilation of the drink traffic. We perfectly realize that the abolishing of the traffic will not usher the millennium into this world, nor will it itself change men's characters, but we know that many a home will be the brighter, many a child the better fed and clothed, and especially many a weak victim released to a sounder physical and moral constitution, all of which we would gladly have brought about for their own sake. We are sure for the greater community, we hope it will afford to have the Army's work in this world. We are sure that the Salvationists of this world will stand with one man, stand

THE GENERAL AT LONDON, ONT.

Tremendous Audiences Gather in the Opera House—The General Surpassed Himself in His Lecture.

(Special.)

General's London campaign could not have been excelled, and is considered by all here as the greatest he has conducted in this city. Hundreds of Salvationists united in tremendous ovation at the railway depot Saturday night. Shortly afterwards General addressed them in citadel, with result that twenty-seven made a full surrender to God.

Sunday morning, very large crowd in Opera House. General delivered himself of soul-stirring address. Twelve at the mercy seat.

Afternoon, Opera House jammed to excess, hundreds unable to gain admittance. The Mayor in the chair, who introduced General in splendid fashion. Lecture made profound impression. Vote of thanks was made by Rev. Dr. Johnson, Colonel Little, and Judge Elliott, in which high tributes were paid to our beloved General and the work of the Salvation Army.

The torrents of rain which fell at 7 p.m. did not prevent gallery and body of hall being packed with an eager and expectant crowd. General mightily upheld, and nineteen souls were swept into the fountain.

WOODSTOCK NO EXCEPTION.

(Latest News.)

Woodstock's meeting was a fitting ending to the General's Canadian campaign previous to the final conflagration at Toronto. The people thronged Knox Church, and many never gained an entrance. Hon. Mr. Cunningham ably presided. The General delivered his great address in a masterly manner. His hearers paid exemplary attention to his words and showed their intense sympathy with our great leader in every way. A liberal offering was contributed. The meeting is the topic of the day with everybody.

Exeter Hall Demonstration.

Enthusiastic Missionary Meeting Conducted by the Chief of the Staff—Message of British Salvationists to the General in Canada.

Exeter Hall Foreign Demonstration conducted by the Chief of the Staff added one more epoch-making event to glorious roll taking place there. Hall was filled at six o'clock. Enormous crowd clamoring in Strand at seven. Meeting lasted three hours, thrilled by testimonies by both black and white officers. Asia, Africa, America. Europe missionaries dedicated for Java, India, Germany, West Indies, Africa. The whole forming magnificent illustration of all that is best and purest in our world-wide ranks. Deep impression produced by Commissioner's Pollard's verdict on position of Army in American and Canada. General's message, along with greetings from Commanders and Field Commissioners, received with splendid enthusiasm. Following message carried in triumph of enthusiasm, "British Salvationists in triumph meeting at Exeter Hall thank you heartily for your message. We are full of praise to God for your magnificent victories in United States and Canada. We pray constantly for you and for your great campaigns still to come. We will fight our battles with courage and blood-and-fire attack everywhere. The whole country will welcome you back with greater pleasure than ever."

Our Army Empire.

United States.

In Kalos (Sandwich Islands), Major Harris, the D.O., has recently enrolled thirty Senior soldiers.

The Home for Scandinavian seamen, in Brooklyn, is becoming very popular, and its success is such that the opening of similar Homes in other large American ports is contemplated.

The Salvage Brigade connected with our New York Industrial Home is having much success in its work. Five wagons collected in one week \$231 worth of material. Five new wagons have recently been purchased in order to meet the requirements of the department.

The Commander, accompanied by Major and Mrs. Ferris, recently appeared before the Board of Estimates and Expenditure to support a petition for a city grant in aid of our Rescue work in the U.S.A. Very encouraging were the figures they were able to place before the Board, who seemed highly pleased with the same. Great

er New York has now three Homes, with a total accommodation for sixty-eight, while some 2,000 girls have passed through during the last ten years. In the name of the Board, Mayor Low informed the Commander that the Army was listed for an appropriation of \$5,000 for the coming year, though a final decision had not yet been made.

It speaks well for the philanthropy of Greater New York that at a time when householders were compelled to pay from \$15 to \$21 a ton for their coal, special arrangements have been made for the use of cheap coal to the poor. Three depots have been established and three coal wagons started on their rounds by the Army with excellent results. The coal is supplied at ten cents per ton, and is indeed an unpeakable boon to the poor. Especially are the wagons appreciated, saving a long trudge to these for whom time is money. The Army depots are at the Industrial Home, on Thirtieth Street and Tenth Avenue, Manhattan; the Industrial Home in Brooklyn, and at the Galilee Mission.

Brigadier Kapp, of the London International Headquarters, is expected to conduct important meetings and councils of war in Italy.

South Africa.

Staff-Capt. Cameron and Capt. Walker left England for Cape Town a couple of weeks ago in the best of spirits and full of hope for the future. Members of the International and Training Home Staffs gave them a hearty send-off at Waterloo station. The following officers from the British Field have also been accepted for service in South Africa: Ensign and Mrs. Fred Weston, Paenance; Ensign and Mrs. Joseph Stanley, Dublin; Ensign and Mrs. W. J. Hardy, Freetown; Capt. and Mrs. James Miller, Orlambo. The party will sail from Exeter Hall on October 27th. Their arrival at Cape Town is eagerly anticipated.

Staff-Capt. Clark, an Afrikaner, is in charge of the native party who are shortly to arrive in England.

Switzerland.

Brigadier Jeannet and a special brigade are scouring the country, preaching the Gospel in a tent.

During the last season our Swiss comrades have given all their attention to open-air meeting work and to the sale of the War Cry. The success obtained was much over the expectation.

TERRITORIAL NEWS.

Lieut-Colonel Mrs. Read has now been, for some weeks, back at her office at T.H.Q., and attended personally to many important matters waiting her decision, and well as aiding the Commissioner in the arrangements of the General's Toronto meetings. While we rejoice in seeing her again in our midst, much improved in health, we are sincerely regretting that she is still far from being in satisfactory health and is unable to bear much strain. We would especially call the attention of officers to this, that they may refrain from asking her to make any public engagements, as she is altogether unable to conduct meetings of any description at the present time, nor to make any arrangements for the future.

Fleming has been appointed Councillor to the Eastern Province.

Captain Peacock has taken up his duties now in the Trade Department.

We find Staff-Capt. Lewis, of the U.S.A., who is travelling with the General, a proper warrior and fellow—he is a thorough Salvationist and takes kindly to Canada. It is a sample of our brothers over the way, I do not wonder things move along at such a rapid rate in that land of liberty.

Toronto is already filling up with Salvationists. From the far East and West officers are arriving to take part in the great gatherings in Toronto.

Ensign and Mrs. Coulter have arrived from Halifax, and although not in the best of health, are full of zeal for the salvation of the souls and bodies of men. They report favorably on the work in Nova Scotia.

Adjt. Dawell is travelling from Charlottetown, P.E.I., and proceeds to Butte, Mont., while Adjt. Agre leaves Great Falls for St. John's, Nfld. Adjt. Fraser, from the latter place, proceeds to Montreal.

Brigadier Southall and Staff are to be congratulated on the "Special War Bulletin," issued from the Western Provincial Headquarters giving news concerning the General's tour, and splendid halftone pictures of the H. F. champions.

Capt. and Mrs. Leach have arrived from Billings, Mont., and we were heartily glad to see them. On account of the health of Mrs. Leach, it is expected their next appointment will be in the East.

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The Onward Sweep of the General's Campaign.

Montreal's Mammoth Meetings—The Magnificent Windsor Hall Crowded Twice on Sunday—Liberal Offerings—The Imperial City on Fete—A Brilliant Assemblage at the Russell Theatre—Darkness, Torrents and No Street Cars a Triple Trial at Kingston—Hamilton Honors the General—Hundreds of Souls at the Mercy Seat for the Week.

MONTREAL.

WITH electric velocity and force the General's tour sweeps on. At time of writing he has been on the continent seventeen days, has conducted over thirty meetings, and seen three hundred souls kneel at the mercy seat. But figures are cold calculations at best, and can but little convey the immensity of those stupendous gatherings in which thousands have been swayed by Divine union and impressed with convictions which have made a sterner reality of time and a deeper reality of eternity.

Such a brilliant career has not been accomplished without an immense expenditure of nervous and physical force on the part of the General. He is less sparing of himself than ever—an afternoon unoccupied from a public point of view seems to give him positive pain. Naturally the General is feeling the strain of such an arduous agenda, but his vigor is nothing short of miraculous and the buoyancy of his spirit is an inspiration to everybody.

Twenty-four hours' travelling covered a distance of two hundred and seventy-six miles, and brought us from the commercial port of Halifax to the historic metropolis, the historic city of Montreal. The journey had not been one of leisure for the General and his staff. The incessant click of typewriters, the hasty flight to catch crosses mailed with budgets, official and (if the witness happened to be a privileged one) a peep into the inner section where the General and Commissioner sat with briefs of business memoranda between them, all gave the idea of work, and hard work, too. We passed the General's energetic A.D.C. in an energetic state of agitation at a late hour denouncing that so far his influence had failed to persuade his chief to lay aside the pen which he had held so long, and seek rest sleep which his physical strength must have been so much in need—the emphasis is advisable. For the General's spirit, may we be permitted to remark, has known no exhaustion, and never craves cessation to get up steam.

A word about Montreal before we disembark from the car which has become our temporary office and home, may interpret some significances of the General's campaign there. In some respects Montreal is unlike any other city in the Dominion. Two distinct elements are constantly at work in its social and religious life. In the first, the nationalities of English and French mix in a commercial relationship, but have little personal sympathy with each other. In the latter, the creeds of Protestant and Catholic never mingle at all, and sometimes break out into open hos-

tilities. Amid such diverse conditions the Salvation Army has had its struggles, but has held on and maintained a standing which is growing daily in the esteem of the citizens. At the General's meetings all these elements were united. Nationalities and creeds were almost evenly mixed in his audiences, and it is a significant fact that among the reporters who were fortunate enough to get a personal word with the General, both Protestant and Catholic newspapers were represented. Upon arrival at Montreal, the General was escorted to the Windsor Hotel, where the courtesy of the Hon. Mr. Stevens entertained him. The simplicity of the General's taste staggers the culinary departments of these great establishments, and the waiters only carry the elaborate menu once to his room. Such simple fare, and so soon disposed of, is altogether beyond the ken of men accustomed to stand for an hour behind a guest's chair while he consumes a twelve-course meal.

"Keep them away! I guess not. I don't wonder whether the rain would prevent the Montreal public from coming," said the General, "but nothing could keep the soldiers away. They have been reckoning on this visit for weeks."

So spoke a voice of local authority, and as we splashed through rain and tumbled into mud puddles, we reflected that they must know. Anyway, we who know already what these Soldiers' Councils of the General's implied of inspiration and blessing would not have foregone the opportunity for a flood. And by the time our beloved leader appeared at the door, the historical battle-ground of No. 1 was crowded from front to rear with a throng of exceptional intelligence and enthusiasm. It did not take the General long to divest himself of his overcoat, and two minutes later we were in the midst of one of the most powerful Soldiers' gatherings it has ever been our privilege to attend.

The General was pleased to see Montreal again, and said so, and that this feeling was reciprocated beaming faces, shining eyes, and gaspingly lauding and feet in no doubt.

"I remember the last time I was in Montreal," said the General, scanning his audience for old faces and taking in every new one, "snow up to the arm-pits, and an atmosphere like the North Pole, but we were warm inside, and thank God we are warm inside to-night despite the downpour, and we are going to have a time which will make hotter the Divine fire in every soul, and make hot seasons for the powers of evil against us."

Faith rose high as the General outlined the scenes of heavenly visitation which he had witnessed since landing on this continent, of the mighty outpouring which had fallen on

New York, "and they need it, those New Yorkers," said the General over his glasses, a sally which three furlough officers from the sister-Territory seemed to enjoy immensely. Then a word about the arrival at St. John, the phenomenal meeting at Halifax, and "we must have a good time here, the East is not going to have all the laurels—Montreal shall be blessed, its officers, its soldiers, its people. All the best wine of the feast has not yet been drunk, anyway there is plenty left—let us get a good filchup of the heavenly champagne to-night."

These Saturday night Soldiers' Councils are unique occasions. They serve as an ante-chamber of the great campaign, room of the morrow, in their sacred vestibule the General penetrates our hearts with a new perception of the value of the crowds and our responsibility for dealing with them, and there is no doubt that the pentecostal seasons seen on the Sabbath are born in the revival the night before. All the General's casualness commences their energizing influences at the spring of the stream in the soul of the saint, in the conscience of the soldier—after which the heart of the crowd is as fallow ground. At Montreal this was noticeably the case. The power of God descended upon the crowd of soldiers, sprinkled as it was with deserters and "forlorn hopes," in heavier shower than the libation falling from the skies without. The suitability of the General's words to the singular needs of those present fastened the truth as nails in sure places, and the said sure places became very sore and troubled. The General was careful to explain that he had not come to take away the conscience of the right, but to show their true condition to those whose condemnation was necessary to their peace.

Did the General know that there were one or two before him who positively prided themselves upon the Pious expression of their faith? Certain it is that his plea for an emotional religion hit more than one hard, and that several who had been starving upon Siberian experiences were led in long for the warmth and light of southern climes. "It is the most dreary thing in the world to profess a religion and not feel its power," cried the General, and hearts ached at such definition of their own misery. "I had never looked at it in that light before," thought one condemned soul, "but when the General asked, 'How many in your family are going to hell?' I remembered the answers in my own house, and the burden of their salvation became more than I could bear."

The mercy seat was the most conspicuous object before every mind as the General closed. There was a momentary hesitation. "Oh," cried the General, "someone is trying to satisfy their conscience by saying they will come to-morrow—to-morrow you may be lying in your shroud." Come now. As if in response, a young man from the centre of the hall rose with deliberation of a set purpose. Before the breath of the first chorus swept over the kneeling throng another had made her way, then another, and another, until within the first ten minutes of the prayer meeting twelve had definitely renewed their consecration.

Then a hush in the storm of believing—an obb in the tide—but only for a moment, and faith re-mustered, for the devil was making a hard fight. But the day was the Lord's, and ere long more and more were kneeling, until the mercy seat was lined, and the air resounded with the weepings of penitence and the rejoicings of faith.

"By God's help, on Monday morning," said one man, "I'll speak to that fellow—I only wish I could see him before. Oh, but I felt ashamed, as the General spoke, to think how long I'd worked at his side, and never said a word to him about his soul."

Next to this man knelt a woman in the outskirts of realized deliverance. Her struggle had been long and bitter, but now, through smiles and tears, she knew the heavenly joy illumining all her soul.

These are representative cases of the thirty-two which knelt at the penitent form before Brigadier Pugmire pronounced the benediction. Before it concluded one more breaking woman's heart was resolved not to be left out, and the angels opened the heavenly records again to tabulate thirty-three as the number of deliverances that night.

And as we splashed back through the muddy streets, many with moist eyes and united hearts, faith, and feelings, united in confidence about the morrow.

With trembling hands we nulled up the blind to see under SUNDAY what skies we were to meet. Right that day. They were leaden as ash and it was raining in torrents. It was a test of faith, but when we entered the Windsor Hall to find six hundred had ventured through the downpour, faith was lost in sight. We started the meeting in good spirits and excellent expectations. At the same time there is no doubt but that the leaden skies had their own depressing influence upon the crowd, and that its weight did not lighten the beavings of doubt which shrouded some hearts as the General outlined those words of believing experience, "Cleansing for me."

It was, in all probability, the first spiritual song that had been sung in that spacious building for many a long day. Certain it is we know that on

(Continued on page 12.)



View of Montreal.

G.B.M. NOTES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By ENSIGN WHITE.

Since last report Leamington has been visited. Ensign and Mrs. Jarvis are in command. The crowd was very small, which means small returns. We need an energetic Local Agent for the G.B.M. here. Will some good soldier of friend take up this work? Higher broadness has again done real well with her boxes.

At Essex the lantern service was very well attended. The Local Agents, the Sisters Mrs. Wagner, have had a good increase in this quarter's returns.

Windsor was my next stop. Here I met Capt. and Mrs. White and Capt. Pennacy. It happened to be Thanksgiving Day, so we made our way to Mrs. Austin's for a real Thanksgiving dinner. God bless Bro. and Sister Austin, also the cook. Those who attended the lantern service said it was the best yet. The income was very good, for which we praise the Lord. Bro. Dave Virtue held his own with the last quarter.

I next made my way to Chatham, where I spent the week-end. The lantern service was enjoyed by all. The Sunday's meetings were real good, the open-air and marches well attended, also the farewell meeting of Adjutant and Mrs. McInnis. Different comrades spoke of the blessing and help the Adjutant had been to them personally. Mrs. McInnis had a few words of farewell, and thanked the people of Chatham for their kindness. The Adjutant followed with a Bible reading, and spoke very pointedly to both saint and sinner. Capt. and Mrs. Sharp assisted in the meetings all day.

Bothwell came next, which more than maintained its past records. Those who were present enjoyed the service.

The officers have been very kind and considerate. May God bless them.

The writer is well in body, happy in soul, and doing his best for God and souls.

Now for the General's meetings in London, Woodstock, and Toronto. A mighty time is expected. God bless the General!

TILT COVE DISTRICT.

Asst. and Mrs. Sparks have just concluded a trip around their District. Sunday was spent at Pile's Island, where we had a glorious time. The Adjutant felt at home on this old battleground, and Mrs. Sparks helped to make the meeting a success with her singing and earnest talks. We had the joy of seeing five souls at the mercy seat.

On Monday we left for Triton, a distance of seven miles by boat. We arrived at noon and found the officers full of faith for a good time. After refreshments the Adjutant attended to some business matters and inspected the books, property, etc. At 7:30 we started the meeting with music and song. Adjutant and Mrs. Sparks' words were backed home by the Spirit's power, and six souls knelt at the mercy seat.

On Tuesday we boarded our boat for Little Bay Island with ten miles ahead of us. There was no wind and the sea was calm. We used our voice and at noon sighted Sally Ann's Cove. There was no sign of officers, and we did not know if they were sick, dead, or dying. However, we made our way to the quarters, where we found out the officers were busy preparing a hot dinner for us, which we were soon enjoying. After dinner the Adjutant attended to some business matters and our humble servant went to the back harbor with the Lieutenant to announce the meeting. The meeting was rather stiff at first, but we soon got a "move on," and some of the soldiers got the glory, and the Bible reading we went into

the prayer meeting, the net was cast on the right side of the ship, and when we drew it in we had two fish.

On Wednesday morning we took ship for Ward's Harbor. I omitted to say that Lieut. Mercer joined us at Little Bay Island. A breeze was blowing from the north-east and we took him in tow, but soon found that this would not do, as our ship was heavy laden, containing five persons in all, and some of them not very good sailors; so we made for land. We were met by our comrade, Mrs. Ender, who entertained us. Lieut. Mercer is taking hold here in good style. He has the new barracks almost completed, besides doing corvée work. The Adjutant inspected the building and gave the Lieutenant some instructions regarding improvements. We had a good time and conviction was stamped on many faces.

On Thursday morning we started for Little Bay, where we met Lieut. Mercer, whose face gave us to understand that she was believing for a good time. A good crowd was present and we had a good time. This corps has seen better days, when the mines were working, but the mines failed, and that caused the people to seek employment elsewhere. After a hard battle two souls were won for God.

Again we boarded our ship, this time with fifteen miles ahead of us, to reach Jackson's Cove. We hoisted every sail to catch the breeze, and arrived at 2:30. The officers were not at home, as they did not expect us. Lieut. Mercer and myself went to look for them, while the Adjutant managed to get into the quarters through a window. Circumstances were somewhat against us here, but we had a good time.

The officers in every place were more than ever determined to fight and conquer. Harvest Festival was

held with us every meeting, and the officers are determined to get their targets. We closed the trip with fifteen souls. Lieut. Mercer and myself came home on Saturday and had six souls on Sunday night.—E. J. B.

CONCEIT.

Conceit spoils many an excellency. Some persons are so proud of their goodness, or of their attainments, or of their position, or of their character, or of their family, that they become offensive to many who would otherwise be won by their merit. Pride mars, blights, and withers whatever it touches. It begets assumptions that are very belittling as well as hard to bear. A man weakens his influence and retards his personal and public interests by giving it full control. Its exhibition may be natural, but noble manhood, high moral character, regard to the feelings of others and Christianity all demand its suppression.

HIS FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

An old darkey who was fearful of being burned alive, left these final instructions:

"After my time come, I am stay as long as possible. Don't make no funeral sermon too long, kase dat'll only make me sleep de sounder; but how do dians-ho'n over me. If dat don't wake me, I is sho' gone." Atlanta Constitution.

There is no place too lowly for the display of high qualities.

We never become citizens of the Kingdom of God by obedience merely.



"INASMUCH!"

(The Bishop of London is in sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army. On passing an open-air meeting recently he bowed his head as a mark of respect, and was heard to say, "God bless you."—Newspaper paragraph.)

He passed them by, but raised his hat.
To show he noticed such;
It cheered them in that open air,
And did not cost him much.
From earth to heaven that incident,
Of how he came in touch,
Has been recorded, and will earn
God's promised "Inasmuch."
Oh, if some others did as he,
And etched the usual error,
The touch of human sympathy
Would many a worker cheer;
And who can say but that the Lord
Might show his loved the light
By pouring out a Pentecost,
To make his people white.—P.



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.

In the meantime, Prince Eugene was carrying on a great war with the Turks on the Hungarian frontier, where he was joined by all who wanted to see good service. He beat the Grand Vizier at Carlowitz, and then took Temeswar and laid siege to Belgrade. The Turks came, 250,000 in number, to its relief, and encamped on the heights above, while Eugene lay ill of a fever in his tent. On the 1st of August, 1717, he was recovered enough to give them battle. He attacked them in the middle of the night, and gained a most splendid victory, which immediately gave him possession of Belgrade, and he placed guards along the whole bank of the Danube to watch against the Turks.

Karl VI. had no son, and the great object of the latter half of his life was to cheat his nieces in favor of his daughters. He betrothed his daughters to the sons of the Duke of Lorraine, and obtained from the diet and from the powers of Europe consent to a Pragmatic Sanction, by which the eldest, Maria Theresa, was to succeed to all his hereditary states. He got the support of Russia, and Karl gave his aid to Friedrich August II., who claimed the crown of Poland on his father's death, against Stanislas Leszczynski. The daughter of Stanislas was wife of Louis XV., and thus there was another war with France. Eugene, at seventy-one, took the command, and was hailed by the army with shouts of, "Our father," while Friedrich William of Prussia shouted, saying, "I see my master." But there was not much to be done, the French took Philippsburg, and Eugene was recalled, and took leave of his army, and went back to Vienna, where he spent the last two years of his life in deeds of benevolence. He was so good a master that his servants grew old under him, and in the last year of his life the united ages of himself, his coachman, and two footmen, amounted to 210. He now and then tried to give good advice to Karl, but was not heeded, though he was missed and mourned when he died suddenly at seventy-three, in 1718.

He had been the only man in the council of war who did not cheat and the army, though counted at one hundred and twenty thousand, was really only forty thousand, and they were half-starved, half-clothed, and had useless weapons; so they were beaten in Italy by the French and Spaniards, and in Hungary by the Turks, and Karl had to make the best peace he could. It was a strange arrangement—Friedrich August of Saxony was to keep Poland, and Stanislas Leszczynski was to have Lorraine, and leave it to his daughter, the French Queen. The real Duke Franz, husband to Maria Theresa, was to have Tuscany instead, and everybody again promised that she should have the Austrian dominions, and gave the hopes that her husband should be chosen Emperor, he being descended from Karl the Great.

But faith, truth, and honesty were little heeded. Everybody preyed upon the Emperor, and the waste was beyond belief. Two hogheads of Tokay wine were daily said to be used for dipping the bread on which the Emperor's parrots were fed, twelve gallons of wine were supposed to be used every day for her possets, and twelve barrels for her baths, while all the Austrian States were in a wretched state of want and misery, all because Karl was dull and unheeding. He died on the 12th of October, 1740, the last male heir of the House of Hapsburg.

Four Came to Jesus.

Regina.—We can praise God for victory. Last week our song came to Jesus. Our crowds are increasing and finances are very good. We are in for greater victories in the future.—Willie Brander.

CORPS BULLETINS

The Target in Pieces.

Botwoodville.—God is giving us victory in our work. We have been very busy during the past fortnight practicing on our H. P. target. We were firing straight and getting near the centre, when one well-directed shot, from a big gun, accomplished the work and knocked it to pieces. We have also been bombarding the forts of darkness, and since the last bulletin we have despatched one soul to the ranks of the enemy and sworn allegiance to the King of Kings.—S. French.

The Enemy Retreating.

Emerson.—We are still at the battle's front warring against sin and Satan. There are visible signs of the enemy yielding. One precious soul in the meeting last night stood up to be prayed for. Victory is our motto and we are going forth in faith, knowing the battle is the Lord's.—We came off victorious in the Harvest Festival effort.—Lieut. D. Rankin.

Seven in the Fountain.

Fredericton.—Our Harvest Festival effort was smashed to atoms. Glory to God! On Sunday we went to St. John to see and hear our beloved General, and were much blessed by his inspiring talks. Since then God's power has been manifested in our midst. On Thursday night one poor guilty backslider came back to the fold, after wandering from his Father's home for three years; he was once a Lieutenant in the Eastern Province, and came out of Hamilton, Bermuda, corps. On Friday night another dear brother came to the cross, and on Sunday night five precious souls plunged into the fountain. Hallelujah!—J. C. Smith, R.C.

A Musical Meeting.

Hamilton, Ber.—God is helping and blessing us wonderfully. One soul has sought Christ since last report, and there is much conviction in the meetings. On Wednesday night we had a grand musical meeting, with seven officers and about sixty soldiers on the platform. The handmen and other

musicians were at their best, and we had a good time.—Corps-Cadet.

Our Hearts were Cheered.

Herring Neck.—We have had a visit from our old friend, Capt. Downey. It cheered our hearts to see him and shake his friendly hand once more. We had a blessed day on Sunday, and deep conviction was stamped on many faces. God came near and blessed our waiting souls. We can rejoice that our H. P. target is smashed.—Annie Squire, J. S. S.M.

Our Prayers Answered.

Moosomin.—God has been blessing us abundantly, and our soldiers are in good fighting trim. Ensign Mercer held a lantern service on Saturday with fair success. On Sunday God's presence was felt and two precious souls requested our prayers. Hallelujah! We are believing for souls to be saved in the near future.—Lieut. Gardner.

A Confession.

Omamee.—In spite of the dark clouds and discouragements, God is working. During the past week three precious souls have knelt at the mercy seat and claimed pardon, one being a man who, some three months ago, stole money from the Army quarters. He acknowledged his sin and brought double what he took. Praise God for an answer to prayer!—A. Parker, Capt.

Eleven at the Mercy Seat.

Ottawa.—We have very been favored with a visit from Staff-Capt. Archibald, who, fourteen years ago, led on the S. A. forces here and conducted the first open-air meeting on the Post Office Square, our present stand. The Staff-Captain, who was in the city on business connected with the General's visit, by request of Ensign Bloss, took charge of the meetings on Sunday, Oct. 12th, and was heartily welcomed. The molding influence of the Holy Spirit's power was felt in the meetings during the day and three souls came for a deeper experience, and three for pardon, also the finances were good and we were richly blessed. On

Thursday evening the Staff-Captain gave a very touching account of the Prison Gate Work with which he is connected. Everyone present seemed to be deeply interested. On Sunday, Oct. 19th, we had a very encouraging day. God came near, and five wandering souls came to the fold. Staff-Capt. Archibald was in command. We had a glorious wind-up, and shall eagerly look forward to another visit from the Staff-Captain.—A. J. French.

He Took Up His Cross.

Spokane.—We thank God for another victory. Last Sunday Major and Mrs. Hargrave, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Taylor, and all the local officers, were present at the meetings. We had a glorious time, and three precious souls came forward in the holiness meeting, one being an ex-officer, who has promised to take up his cross again. In the afternoon meeting two more souls became reconciled to their Lord and Master. Hallelujah! We are praying and believing for a real blood-and-fire soul-saving time this winter, and with God's help and blessing we know we shall not be disappointed. The people who attend our meetings indoors, and those who gather around the open-air, are very good to us and respond to our appeals for financial help cheerfully. May the Lord bless them and help them to give their hearts to Him.—Joe, R.C.

Painter and Preacher.

St. Stephen.—After a short stay of three and a-half months, Ensign and Mrs. Thompson and friends have said goodbye. They leave many friends here, who wish them success and prosperity in all their future appointments. The Ensign, while doing his best for God and the Army, also found time to do some painting. A neat sign over the barracks door as well as some artistic mottoes inside, not to mention a conspicuous sign over the shop door of the Hallelujah Shoemaker, are some of the fruits of his labor in this direction. Capt. McWilliams and Lieut. Rudland arrived on Friday to take charge. We had good meetings all day Sunday, and one young man knelt at the mercy seat.—Soldier.

A Military Dialogue.

St. George's, Ber.—This corps visit of Hamilton for the Harvest Festival, and helped in the meeting there. The string band came to the front. Next evening we had a musical meeting and a dialogue was given by two military comrades. During the week we have had quite a number of visitors. Three soldiers from Hamilton were with us on Sunday, and Capt. Prince, from Somerset, came on Monday. On the following Thursday we welcomed Mrs. Add. Cameron and Capt. Hebb to St. George's. We are believing for a revival here, and pray that many may find the Saviour.—S. A. Church, War Cor.

A Welcome Home.

Whatecom.—On Thursday we welcomed Lieut. Sutherland back to our midst. She has been on furlough for the past six weeks, on account of her crew. We were all glad to see her. On Sunday night one soul sought the Saviour. We smashed our H. P. target. Watch Whatecom during the winter campaign.—Dixie.

The Chancellor's Visit.

Winnipeg.—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Phillips paid us a visit on Sunday, and we had a very profitable time. From early morning till late at night God's presence was with us. In the afternoon the Staff-Captain enrolled eight recruits under the colors, red, and blue, and dedicated Brother and Sister Fuller's baby to the Lord. At night we divided up into three brigades for the open-air. The leader in each reported rousing times, and by the crowds that followed the united march afterwards there was no doubt as to the verity of the statement. After a soul-stirring meeting and a very heart-searching talk by the Staff-Captain, in which the truths to be found in the Word of God were plainly set forth, we rejoiced over two more souls seeking God, making four for the day.—Shiner.

Three Vancouver Weddings.

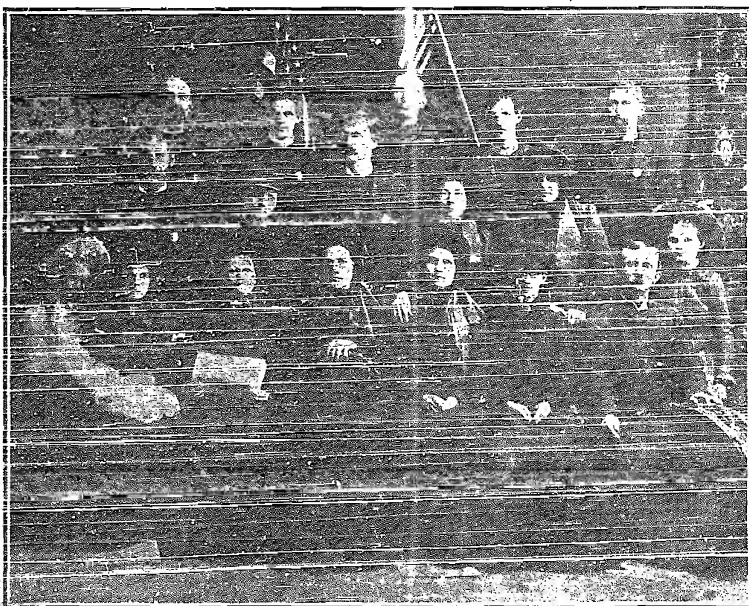
Weddings galore in Vancouver, and why not? You will please excuse me, Mr. Editor, if I trespass on your valuable space for once, and say a few words in regard thereto. A few weeks ago Bro. Symonds persuaded Sister Scott that his was the nicest name, so she accepted him.

Next on the tapis were Brother Henry Dickson and Sister Margaret Olson Wyness, who came all the way from Norway to make him happy. Brother Henry is the Army's first doctor in Skagway. Skagway? Why, yes? It is away up north where that Long officer, I mean that faithful worker, has been so long.

Last, but not least, comes Brother Joe, Hoskins and Miss Grace Super, who were married on the evening of the 13th inst. Sister Hoskins is well known in Army circles as well as in Vancouver, where she has had charge of the Rescue Home for a long time. "God bless and prosper them all," says Vancouver corps.

But, Mr. Editor, next week will cap the climax. A great hallelujah wedding is to take place in our barracks on Wednesday evening, and we are looking forward to the biggest dance ever seen here. This, as you know, is an age of combines, and this couple, who are both officers, are combining so as to be better able to push on the war. I will (D.V.) tell you all about them next week.

Our worthy officers are, as ever, pushing on the war with vigor. The Lord is blessing us, for which we praise Him. We are very much disappointed that we are to be deprived of the pleasure of seeing and hearing our beloved General. God bless him. May he long be spared to fight in this noble warfare, is our united prayer. H.N.M.N.



Officers and Soldiers of New Whatecom, Wash.

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The General

SUNDAY

AFTERNOON

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several occasions it had been the scene of the Commissioner's meetings in Montreal, but on others its walls resound to different tones. The finest music, the ablest speeches, the most brilliant and influential functions of social and political life take place in the Windsor. It is a magnificent building, and is equipped with every acoustic, decorative, and ventilative property—a trinity of perfections in any public hall.

The General's address that morning was direct as an arrow and uncompromising in the extreme. His audience was what is known as "superior"—both wealth and position were represented there—but the General's words were unminced, and the knife of his truth unflinching. "Men are always dividing people up into a hundred communities, but in God's sight there are only two—the right and the wrong—which are you?"

That was the question of the morning—it forced itself upon the conscience of the man whose excuse was that he did the best he could—it burned its enquiry upon the conscience which was halting at some revealed sacrifice. It pressed its question upon the soul smothered beneath the mufflers of an unreal religion. Those who compromised, and temporized, and procrastinated, withered under the General's denunciation or those who got out with eternity by trying to keep in with time. "I wonder," cried the General, "how many wives have gone to hell for fear of offending their husbands?"

The prayer meeting witnessed some severe and heavy struggles. Sins which had knocked aside three when they came into the meeting now appeared as thunderous clouds of inky black shutting out God and heaven. But ere we parted the sun burst through the clouds gilding the rain-swept steeples of Montreal with its golden blue light, and six souls had dropped their burden at the mercy seat to rise with tears of joy to proclaim that for them the sun of righteousness was shining too.

The General was booked for three sermons at Montreal on Sunday but this afternoon. The fame of his lecture on the Army had traveled before him, and a deputation besought him to deliver this on Sunday afternoon. Major Turner, the alert P. O., performed wonders in an hour or two, secured a chairman of prominence, and a platform which represented the most influential of Montreal's ministerial magnates.

There was still a gray hue over the city, but by this time our faith was independent of the weather, and was scarcely noticed whether it rained or shone. The General's car was now the talk of the city, and hurrying for from all over the metropolis to the Windsor Hall. Before 2.30 the building was crowded to its utmost capacity and the doors had to be closed in the face of a disappointed crowd numbering not less than six hundred. The air was sultry, and the congested state of the building rendered it hot almost to suffocation, but no expression reined over the crowd, they were the acme of interest, appreciation, and

This a figure well known and loved by the people of Montreal, at the front, and we shake our reflections to join in the song given out by the Commissioner, her rising, as ever, the signal for that applause which indicates the hold which she has in the hearts of the people.

Dr. Shadrach Peabody Emmerts, took the chair. In the course of his warm introduction of the General, he said: "When asked to preside on this occasion it did not take me a minute to make up my mind. I have a hearty welcome to the General, and a warm fall of arms to the cause he represents."

Dr. Shadrach Peabody Emmerts, twenty-two years ago, in London, knew the Army as a great power, and it is very very much alive and more in evidence than ever. It is a little thing otherwise his ideas would be dismissed this afternoon.

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singing loudly, 'Recess the marching,' but the Army is doing it. It is good to be 'safe in the arms of Jesus,' but it is better to be out in the world saving the lost. In this hall I have witnessed some of the greatest political occasions, but none more interesting than this afternoon's. General, welcome to Montreal, and welcome to our hearts."

The effect of the General's rising was electric. The crush at the door became positively alarming, as men struggled to peep over the shoulders of others at the hero of the hour.

The lecture was a mighty one. It brought the Army, its principles, progress, and prospects within the view of all, and so clear that the numbers in that vast audience to whom Army tactics were unfamiliar went away fully informed and enlightened.

"A case of lock-jaw," we reflected mentally. "Last week in the front had never moved a muscle—his eyes, mouth, and features riveted upon the speaker. But now, when the speaker there is a rivet loosening—the General's story of the millionaire abroad whose neck he put his arms, while the millionaire put into his hands two thousand pounds, adding, 'I will use my good offices to get you out of this.'"

"That man," he said, "is another illustration of a very different character, of a broken heart, its loneliness and wanderings, and how it was found and healed through the loving sacrifice of a Christ-loving heart, and this time all the tears were his—the tears were his."

—Nathan Shaw, Esq.

Perhaps rarely in the city's history has a more representative and diversified audience in religious and social standing congregated. The idea had rolled up in their carriages, the respectable workmen whose who had come on crowded street-cars, and the poorer citizens who had managed to squeeze in from the muddy street, were all present—all alike spell-bound and captivated. The platform was in ecstasies, some ministers were nearly overwhelmed at the General's mingled humor and pathos.

The vote of thanks, moved by Mayor Lighthall was cordial in the extreme; its seconding by Ald. Clearhue was more than enthusiastic, and when in response the audience rose en masse to give the Chataqua salute the excitement was universal.

If the collection is any evidence of the feeling of a meeting, and we deem it to be a somewhat substantial one, on the magnificent offering of that afternoon bespoke the appreciation of the crowd in ungainly figures of dollars and cents—the platform alone contributed about thirty dollars.

Seven p.m. The Windsor Hall is crowded, every inch occupied and hundreds of people are waiting outside. The doors are open at eight o'clock. Everyone is on the tip of expectation and faith—what is not going to do for us through our General this night of nights and

There is almost a look of apprehension on some faces as if already conscience were its own accuser. They know the straight truth which is coming. Nor were they mistaken. The General's first words strike a shudder through some hearts, and the immensity and solemnity of his theme thrilled all with a sense of awe, some with forebodings. What is this he is saying?

"It may be the funeral sermon of some of you I preach to-night; you may be in eternity before there is time to preach another."

[illegible]

forced our eyes upon the far future to focus them with all the force of the rebound upon the innermost depths within. We looked so small we almost hoped we would pass unnoticed in that great Tribunal, till we saw our sins, and then they seemed to fill all space—all time and all eternity. Oh, the horror of that sight!

Yet there was mercy, and with a gesture beckoning the great crowd to their knees, the Generals told how it might be found.

Exhausted, but consumed by the passion for souls which enthuses him, the General went on pleading and praying, while the penitent form was rapidly filled by people in agonies of remorse, contrition and repentance.

The Commissioner went from side to side of the great hall, bringing up first one and then another—now a husband and wife, now a broken-hearted backslider—we counted eight who lod there and we do not grow how many more.

There was a collapse at the reporters' table. The representative of one of the leading papers had brushed his note-book unheeded to the ground; for the first time in his life he was talking to people about their souls, and spent the whole evening at this new and fascinating work.

Our old friend, Professor Villard, was in the thick of the fray—he had his own fish to look after. He had brought about a dozen students from his college to the meetings and got nearly all of them to the penitential form.

The bandmen, who all through the campaign had fought like heroes, stuck to their post to a man, and led the singing in masterly fashion.

Party souls found salvation that night, and we left Montreal looking back upon seventy-eight visible results, but there were untold others in untold numbers.

"To-night's meeting will influence the whole Dominion. It was a record gathering in the Empire's history."

This opinion, overheard after the last brilliant light of the Russell Theatre had been extinguished, and the last carriage of that brilliant throng had rolled from its doors, was no

Ottawa, the seat of the Dominion Government, is the centre of social and official life in Canada. That the General's recent meeting in the Imperial City was nothing short of a great event, the reports of the press, the estimation of the people, and the significant facts of the occasion bear testimony undeniable. The General's visit was the talk of every drawing-room in the fashionable circle, and in the realm of legal and governmental power the same topic was discussed

with animation and interest. The Army's representative met universal sympathy wherever his invitations were taken, and the long list of speakers looked to be present presented rows on rows of prefixed names and professional titles. The most elite society and prominent position was represented not only in the list of acceptances, but in the actual crowd which gathered to the Russell Theatre.

The building is one of dazzling beauty, and is acknowledged to be the finest theatre in Canada. When lit up by its hundreds of electric lights, it is a blaze of brilliancy.

Our attention was attracted to the manager, who appeared in an attitude of distraction. "I am at my wits' end," he exclaimed (and he looked it). "The gate-keepers can hardly hold their own at the door. I'm telling standing-room now, but there'll be none of that soon."

When the meeting opened, every seat of velvet and crimson was occupied, and the gallery presented a state of almost alarming congestion. The scene on the platform was one, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of the Army in this country. Every face in the crowd was one of note. Among the gentlemen present were the following:

Chairman, Sir Louis Carter; *Vice-Chairman*, Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of Interior; General Sir Wm. Mulock, Postmaster-General; Hon. James Macpherson, Attorney-General; Mr. J. M. Gwynne, Chief Justice, Ontario; Mayor Cook, Ottawa; Geo. O'Keefe, Esq., Magistrate of Police Court; Lieut.-Col. W. M. Whitney, CMG, J.P.; etc.; Rev. John Lambart, Rector, St. George's Cathedral, Montreal; Rev. Dr. Thos. B. McAdamson (Methodist); Rev. Thosburne, M.A., LL.D., Geological Survey of Canada; Dr. Wm. Saunders, Experimental Farm, Winnipeg; Rev. J. A. Hargrave, Bishop of Regina; Rev. John Grenfell (Methodist); Mr. J. R. Parelle (Secy. Y.M.C.A.); Mr. McLeod, New Edinburgh Presbytery; Rev. W. T. Herridge, B.A., B.D., Paul's Protestant Church, Douglas Stewart; Government Inspector of Prisons; Prof. Maconn, Criminal Service; Prof. Johnson, Geographical Survey; and the city Alder-

The General has had many plat-
forms of note, but never one which has
represented more distinction, and at the
same time revealed more intense
interest. The platform led the way
in applause, and members of the
cabinet and ministers of most irre-
proachable dignity were alternately
enthusiastically applauding and show-
ing evidences of unbroken interest.

What a scene as the General stepped to the front! We, his soldiers, felt our hearts swell with pride as we saw this Prophet of the People surrounded by the honor of the masses, honored in the land, and caught the accents of his truth-uncompromising as ever, without a suspicion of hesitation, finding the secret of his world-wide success in the simplicity and power of the cross and laying every laurel at the feet of his Lord.

preme Court, was in the chair. He filled the position gracefully, and his introductory words revealed his sympathy and appreciation of the great work outlined in the Russell Theatre that night. Sir Louis spoke as fol-

"To-night I have to congratulate you on one or two things. First, that you have such a large and representative audience in this city of Ottawa; secondly, that you are to have with you the organizer and president of the great Salvation Army, and again, that you are to hear him upon a subject that, I suppose, he knows more of than any other living man."

"Now, it has been my experience in life, that if a man addresses you on a subject he knows something of, you are generally pleased, and hear something that is interesting and useful, and I suppose if there is one who knows something of the Past, Present and Future of the Salvation Army it is one man who originated it and

"Some of you may ask why in the world I have been selected, among all others, to occupy this position. I am not a member of the Salvation Army. So far as their religion goes, I have never shown much sympathy with them. But in common with every other man, woman, and child in this city, I have had a very deep, sympathetic, heartfelt interest in the Salvation Army in the philanthropic and social side

Which they have so manifestly shown in Canada we hardly know the object of. The English people are not likely to be control and improve. We are, as General Booth knows, a nation in which there is not a great deal of poverty, and if there is not a great deal of wealth, there is general contentment; and perhaps we all recognize we are comfortable, but it is different in the place where they started. Those of us who knew the East End of London know that we have here a situation so low, no one can imagine so fallen that we cannot sympathize for any not having seen it to understand it at all, and there is just this to be said, that the churches, the deaconesses, the societies, the philanthropic bodies, the religious and philanthropists, and everyone else never seem to reach that seething submerged mass. We do not reach the reason. They would not.

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where where they could be reached, and it rested with the genius and ability of one man, and those who surrounded him, to reach down and take hold of, and lift, and do something for this great, broken-down, suffering mass—that is called the "submerged tenth."

"Now, I know very well I was going to make a speech, but I will not. I will simply content myself with introducing to you the organizer of this great work—the man who is the prototype of the man of the 15th and 20th centuries—General Booth."

The General's speech made a profound impression upon that superb audience. The logic of his arguments for the social and spiritual amelioration of mankind, the force of his experience as he dealt with the problems of the age, and the deep solemnity of his appeal for the blessing and benefit of the people, carried all before them. There was intense attention as the General outlined his plans for the future, and demonstrated the principles which had been laid down for the prosperity of the Army. It was a wonderful address from first to last, and held the audience spell-bound.

Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, proposed a vote of thanks. He said:

"I rise at the suggestion of my friend, Mr. Clifford Sifton, very willingly to say two or three words in the way of expressing my gratification, and asking you to express yours, at the privilege we have enjoyed this evening of hearing the General of the Salvation Army. I have, I must confess, for some years entertained a desire to experience that privilege. On the occasion of the General's last visit to Canada he visited the town where I reside, but I was unfortunately absent in the country at that time, and I did not then have the privilege of hearing him. I regretted it, because I entertained a strong desire to hear from the lips of the organizer and father of the Salvation Army the story of that great and wonderful organization. It was not so much on account of the work which our friend, the Chairman, has described, or referred to as having been done in the great cities of Europe, although I appreciate that, but it was on account of what I had seen done myself, in the little places of this country. It has been my fortune to travel over the most of Canada. In most of the places where I have been I have seen the officers of the Salvation Army, and I have never been in a place where the Salvation Army was established where they have not taken some poor unfortunate wretches out of the ditch and converted them into respectable citizens. Mr. Chairman, that is enough of itself to cause any person who has any interest in the welfare of his fellow-beings to take an interest in the work of the Salvation Army."

The success of that movement has proven that General Booth is a philosopher, and has declared the truth of his philosophy in human actions: has demonstrated, too, that he has been able to take the poorest material and make them into an Army and send them forth to attack a problem that our greatest church organizations have been unable to solve.

"There are one or two things which are most remarkable in connection with the work of this Army: the number of countries it has come into, and the enormous number of its adherents. National lines are not respected

by the Army; it goes from one country to another with an influence that has never been known by any other religious organization. There is another thing. There have been great religious reformers, but, as a rule, they have either built upon another man's foundation, or they have taken from some existing religious organization which then existed. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the greatest, and one of the most wonderful organizations in the world, built up an organization within an existing church. Luther and John Knox left a schism from an existing church; John Wesley took from an existing church—General Booth has not. He has gone to the people who have no religion. He has built up a new body, which helps all.

"Let me say, Mr. Chairman, that there are no better servants of the law than the Salvation Army. I have had to do with the administration of the law for twelve years past. There has been no time when I have not and under my charge a police force of different size. I have been charged with the responsibility of dealing with the administration of criminal justice, and I know something by hard experience of the difficulty of carrying it on. I want to say to you, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, that I would rather have the Salvation Army barracks in the darkest corner of the city than a police station, and I would rather have, in many cases, the uniform of a Salvation Army officer than the uniform of a policeman. Nor I am not depreciating the work of the officers of the law. The difference is this, that the Salvation Army goes amongst the classes of people from whom the criminal comes, and thereby gains an influence amongst them which is incalculable.

"People have joined in doing honor to all the great men of the 20th century. We, in our humble way, tonight, for a few minutes, can devote ourselves in doing him honor, and strengthening his hands for the great work, which I think he has rightly said, still lies before the Salvation Army."

Mayor Cook supported these glowing words in expressions of equal warmth.

"As a close reader of the English newspapers, many years," he said, "I have been somewhat amused in noticing these newspapers, whenever there is a reference to the distinguished character of tonight, place his title in inverted commas. It seems to imply the doubt as to the right of General Booth to possess that title. For I think, after the grand record of thirty-seven years of which you have heard him speak so ably and so eloquently this evening, you will agree with me that if any man ought to be called General it is the gentleman behind me. So far as the Canadian newspapers are concerned, they put the general in his right place, and spell his name with a big 'G'."

"In rising to record the vote of thanks, I do not do so simply as a mere formality. In the office which I have had the honor to hold for the last ten months, as the representative chief magistrate, I have had some experience with phases of civic life of which I had previously no conception. I was speaking to our Honorary Officer—a man who sees more of the many side of life, and any other individual in the city of Ottawa—and he remarked to me that of all the agencies, and the many grand organizations that we have in this city, there

was none doing a better work than the Salvation Army. A young girl is arrested for the first time, and appears before the Police Magistrate; he does not desire to send her to jail; he wants to give her a chance; he turns round—he has no power under the law to do it—but he turns round to the Salvation Army officer and asks if they will take hold of her, and the sisters lovingly and tenderly take her and endeavor to lead her back.

"You, ladies and gentlemen, may not know these things. Those of us in public life in Ottawa have the opportunity of knowing them, and I think, therefore, that on your behalf, I am well justified in extending our personal thanks to General Booth, and those who are associated with him, in this noble work. May I, on your behalf, express the hope that General Booth will live until he is one hundred, with that strength and vigor which he has demonstrated here tonight, and that ever since the Darkest England Committee the world could have no shadow of doubt as to the absolute security of all donations for the work of the Salvation Army in this respect.

The Chairman also appeared prominently in the appeal for a collection. He said there were hard-headed people, like himself, who liked to see money spent for what it was given, and that ever since the Darkest England Committee the world could have no shadow of doubt as to the absolute security of all donations for the work of the Salvation Army in this respect.

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various presidents of the General's meetings throughout the trip in voicing the most appreciative of welcomes. After completing the Army's work in Kingston, and throughout the world, he asked the audience to realize to the full the immensity of the occasion, for, said Mr. Pense, "It is no ordinary man we have here tonight, but a king among men and people; one who, both in his character as man, and his capacity as General, is worthy of your fullest respect and love."

The General's words were like double-edged swords that night. Every phrase of work explained and applauded was turned to account in pressing responsibility upon the heart of the hearer. "There are not two separate laws for you and me," he cried, "you are no more called to sit at ease in Zion than I am. You who sit at ease in comfortable chairs are just as much responsible for saving these brands from the burning as I am, who spend all my time rushing from country to country to pull them out of the fire."

With righteous scorn the General denounced a religion which was damp and cold and dead, so far as the needs of others were concerned. "Such may do for the Egyptian mummies, but not for living people like myself."

"Inspiring, simple, eloquent, and pathetic," was a comment on the General's speech by Mr. J. C. McNamee.

The General's speech, went on the noted K.C., "tells the General a debt of gratitude for so graphic a description of the splendid and magnificent organization of which he is the head, and of which he has been the promoter for nearly half a century. Looking down the page of history at the world's great heroes, such as Hannibal, Alexander, Xerxes, Julius Caesar, Bonaparte, and others, while we admire their illustrious deeds, we cannot but know that their track has been in footprints of blood, carnage, and distress, but the footprints of this hero and General who has spoken to us tonight—for we can but reckon him worthy of both—are not the footprints of blood but of peace, of glory, and of joy. Dean Swift said that he was the greatest benefactor of mankind who made two blades of grass grow where only one grew before."

What shall I say of General Booth, who has created so much for the uplifting of the down-trodden and lost? His magnetic personality with us tonight cannot but be a source of blessing and inspiration to us all. To spread the mantle of charity—that is the mission of the Salvation Army. Shall we, too, carry forth this mantle individually to every man, woman, and child in need of assistance and cheer, and emulate the Christ-like spirit before us in giving to the hopeless the grip of our hopeful and encouraging hand."

"Listening to the inspiring words of our speaker of this evening," said Dr. Bell, "my thoughts, too, have been carried into martial regions. I thought of Robert's famous march through the Transvaal, of Kitchener's through Central Africa, and others, but there has never been a march more worthy of enduring fame than the march of the Salvation Army through the dark climates of the world and the Isles of the sea."

"We do things wholeheartedly in the Limestone City," said the Chairman, "and when we love and appreciate a great man we like to show it. Three cheers for General Booth!"

It was a novel vote of thanks, but accorded with tremendous enthusiasm.

View of Kingston, Ont.

OUR BOOMERS' HONOR ROLL

The Winnipeg Wonder to the Front—
Nigger Gets Ahead of Arab—The
Tip-Toppers—The Dawson
Braves—A Word to the
Ontario Soldiers.

Aha, that Winnipeg Wonder has
again shown her splendid calling to
advantage. Her 406 is a hard propo-
sition to beat. It seems.

Lieut. West, of London, has hardly
done as well as I hoped. It takes me
time that she might even go ahead of
Lieut. Forsberg, but the needed ten
extra copies were not sent. Try again,
London.

And just to imagine that Nigger is
away ahead of Arab! It takes my
breath away. My hand shakes as I
try to put these notes together. This
effort to suppress my excitement is
telling upon my nerves. I feel like
shouting, only I don't happen to be
a Newfoundland, and don't give
way to my feelings.

The Tip-top hustlers are Lieut. For-
berg, Winnipeg, 406; Lieut. West,
London, 397; Lieut. Moore, 375;
230; Ensign Hellman, Dawson, 220;
and S.M. Casbin, Halifax I, 230.

The East has done a little better
this week. Even rising ye Easterners,
and you have solved the question of
aerial navigation. You're out of sight!

It does me much good to see the
Dawson brigade at work. 406 between
two hustlers in that far-away spot is
just charming.

This is the War Cry that Ontario
hustlers will have to be very careful
about. With new officers in a good
many corps, the soldiers should do
extra duty in seeing that all the regu-
lar customers are attended to, and the
saloons, etc., visited systematically,
until the new officers get the lie of
the land sufficiently well enough to
take hold of the selling themselves.
Don't forget this little bit of fatherly
advice.

Eastern Province.

130 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	230
S.M. Casbin, Halifax I	200
Lieut. Corkum, St. John I	180
Lieut. Vebot, Charlottetown	150
S.M. Vebot, Halifax I	140
Capt. Howbold, Bedford	140
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	130
Capt. Anderson, St. John I	125
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	120
Lieut. Newell, Esplanade	110
Mrs. Ann. Dowell, Charlottetown	100
Lieut. Thistle, Celis	100
Capt. Melkie, Charlton	100
S.M. Irone, Windsor	100
Capt. Armstrong, Turo	100
Mrs. Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	100
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	100
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	100
S.M. Bond, Hamilton	100
Lieut. Brance, Westville	90
Capt. Murrough, St. John I	90
Capt. McWilliams, Moncton	84
Ellis Ramey, Bridgetown	80
Capt. Clark, Sackville	80
Capt. White, Fredericton	80
Capt. Prince, Bermuda	80
Lieut. Gibbons, Amherst	80
Lieut. Parsons, Fredericton	80
Lieut. Thistle, Celis	80
Sergt. Selig, Halifax	75
O.C. Bishop, Woodstock	70
Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Amherst	70
Mr. Jamieson, Bermuda	70
Capt. Armstrong, Canby	60
Lieut. Grosman, Lunenburg	60
Capt. White, Bridgetown	60
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	60
Lieut. McDonald, Stratford	60
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney	60
Ensign Williams, Springfield	60
Capt. Smith, Campbellton	57
Lieut. Fawcett, Whiteby	57
Ensign Peckwood, Bermuda	55
Lieut. McKim, Kentville	55

Capt. March, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Weakly, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Ginnivan, Chatham	50
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John I	50
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, St. John I	50
Capt. Pemberton, Summerside	50
Capt. Mercer, Summerside	50
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John I	50
Bro. Reid, St. John I	50
Lieut. McLellan, Bridgewater	50
Mrs. Ensign Cooper, Fredericton	50
Capt. Lebrun, Sydney Mines	50
Sergt. Lidsone, Glace Bay	50
Ensign Bowering, Woodstock	50
Adjt. Wiggins, Yarmouth	50
Capt. Hamilton, Bear River	45
Lieut. Wiles, Lunenburg	45
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	45
Capt. Murrough, St. John V	45
Capt. McFadden, Yarmouth	45
Capt. Tiler, Newcastle	40
Capt. Smith, Campbellton	40
Lieut. Kennedy, St. John V	40
Capt. Neuling, Windsor	40
Lieut. Bernard, Turo	40
Lieut. Ogilvie, Springhill	40
Sergt. Jones, Halifax I	40
Capt. Tatem, Charlottetown	40
Sergt. Ward, Charlottetown	40
Lieut. Nugent, Halifax IV	35
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	35
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	35
Ensign Cooper, Fredericton	35
Lieut. Grosman, Lunenburg	35
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	35
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	35
Mrs. Chambers, Celis	30
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Lieut. Conrad, Sussex	30
Capt. Harding, Sussex	30
Capt. Munroe, Prescott	30
Capt. Davis, Lunenburg	30
Ray Jarvis, Halifax II	30
Capt. Richards, New Glasgow	30
Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	30
Sergt. Pitt, Springhill	30
Sergt. Clark, Glace Bay	30
Sergt. Dinnie, Glace Bay	30
Capt. Green, Houlton	30
Lieut. McKay, Houlton	30
Capt. Miller, Chatham	30
Sergt. Englan, Chatham	30
Lieut. Elliott, Newcastle	30
S.M. Jones, St. John I	30
Capt. Ebbart, Digby	30
Lieut. White, Digby	30
Capt. Maribon, Hillsboro	30
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	30
Capt. Lamont, Whitney	30
Willie Turner, St. John V	30
Capt. McEwen, Kentville	30
Sergt. Orme, Bermuda	30
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	30
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	30
Ensign Carter, Digby	30
S.M. Kent, St. John I	30
Sister Booth, St. John I	30
Capt. Leadie, Fairville	30
Sergt. Kelly, Chatham	30
Capt. James, Halifax II	30
Capt. Lyons, Fredericton	30
Lieut. Melkie, North Head	30
Mrs. Snow, Halifax II	30
Lieut. Cavender, Fairville	30
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	30
S.M. Johnson, Lincolnton	30
Capt. Hudson, Dominion	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	30
Capt. Hardwick, St. Stephen	30
C.C. Morris, Parraburo	30
Mrs. Hargroves, St. John I	30
Emma Davies, Campbellton	30
May Childers, Campbellton	30
Capt. Forsey, Parraburo	30
Mrs. Capt. Forsey, Parraburo	30

Central Ontario Province.

89 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Lamb, Newmarket	100
Lieut. I. Danderville, Yorkville	95
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	90
P. S. M. Donaldson, Lippincott	80
Capt. Downey, Sudbury	75
Sergt. Matheson, Sudbury	75
Capt. Pym, Hamilton	70
Lieut. Clark, Hamilton	70
Capt. Bennett, Oshawa	70
Lily Stander, Bracebridge	70
Capt. Platt, Hamilton	65
Sergt. Scott, Riverside	60
Lieut. Porter, Collingwood	60
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	60
Adjt. Desbriey, Bracebridge	60
Sergt. Slater, Barrie	55
C.C. Shaddock, Barrie	55
Sister Mary Andrews, Temple	55
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	55

Ensign Smith, Barrie	64
Adjt. McAmmond, Temple	60
Cand. Nellie Glasville, Bowmanville	60
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	60
Capt. Weader, North Bay	60
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	60
S.M. Stewart, Lisgar St.	48
Ensign Hanna, Dundas	48
Sergt. Dickson, Dundas	48
Lieut. Currell, Meaford	45
Harold Stanton, Meaford	45
Ensign Stalger, Owen Sound	44
S.M. Hinton, Oakville	42
Ensign Sherwin, Midland	40
Capt. Hunkinson, Midland	40
Edith Connell, Lindsay	40
Capt. Culbert, Orangeville	40
Lieut. Hudgin, Orangeville	40
Maud Hatter, Orillia	40
Lieut. Minnis, Riverside	40
Lieut. Giffith, Sturgeon Falls	37
Capt. Stickle, Sturgeon Falls	37
Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	35
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	35
Lizzie Bradley, Temple	35
Dad Dixon, Temple	34
Maud Packer, Yorkville	34
Sergt. Phillips, Lisgar St.	33
Capt. Oke, Uxbridge	32
Lieut. Courtemanche, Uxbridge	31
Sergt. Pultrook, Barrie	30
Capt. Clark, Lindsay	30
Ensign McDonald, Chassey	30
Lieut. Jago, Fenelon Falls	30
Capt. Kivell, Fenelon Falls	30
Alma Clark, Lippincott	30
Alice Sheary, Lippincott	30
Capt. Corbett, Barrie	30
Capt. Bone, Orillia	30
Lieut. Scarff, Orillia	30
Capt. Brooks, Gravenhurst	28
Lieut. Stickle, Gravenhurst	27
Capt. Nelson, Kilmount	27
Lieut. Warren, Kilmount	27
S.M. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	26
Capt. McCann, Burk's Falls	25
Lieut. Jones, Burk's Falls	25
Capt. Capper, Little Current	25
Lieut. Oshakochish, Little Current	25
C.C. Bone, Abmie Harbor	25
Adjt. Hale, Lisgar St.	25
S.M. McHenry, Lisgar St.	25
C.C. Miller, Burk's Falls	20
Lieut. Crandell, Aurora	20
Capt. McLennan, Aurora	20
Cand. Agnew, Peversham	20
Sergt. Bramley, Hamilton	20
Treas. Evelyn, Oshawa	20
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	20
S.M. Boyer, Brantford	20
Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville	20
Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville	20
Annie Bolton, Temple	20
Mrs. Stacey, Temple	20
Bro. Nelson, Lindsay	20
Nelle Richards, Lindsay	20
Sister M. Campbell, Chesley	20
Martha Robson, Fenelon Falls	20
Bro. R. Brown, Bathurst	20

West Ontario Province.

77 Hustlers.	
Lieut. West, London	337
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Galt	125
Mrs. Major Cooper, Essex	121
Mrs. Hoffman, Woodstock	115
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Chatham	110
Margie Chatterton, Guelph	100
Capt. Jordinson, Stratford	100
Callista Siver, St. Thomas	100
P. S. M. McDougall, Godfrey	100
Capt. V. Patterson, Wallaceburg	90
Capt. Carr, Sarnia	80
Lieut. Allen, Clinton	80
Y. S. M. Schuster, Berlin	80
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	80
Lieut. Hinzler, Simcoe	80
S.M. Tremble, Listowel	80
Nelle Richards, Windsor	80
Capt. Penney, Windsor	70
Ensign Haddison, Ingersoll	70
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	70
Ensign Brehaut, Woodstock	70
Mrs. McQueen, Petrolia	65
Capt. Haddison, Ingersoll	60
Mrs. Ensign Haddison, Ingersoll	60
Lieut. McCall, Berlin	55
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Leamington	55
Mary Richardson, Watford	52
Mary Maloney, Guelph	50
Adjt. Cameron, Guelph	50
C.C. G. Cooper, Brantford	50
Mrs. Howlett, Dayton	50
Capt. Young, Forest	50
Lieut. Anderson, Tilburg	50
Sergt. Bryson, Petrolia	50

Lieut. Ellis, Ridgetown	59
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Seaforth	47
Capt. Rock, Seaforth	45
Mother Cutting, Essex	45
Fred Palmer, London	40
Capt. Coy. Goderich	40
Capt. Harman, Ridgetown	40
Ina Groom, Blenheim	40
Capt. Pattenden, Wallaceburg	40
Mrs. Kerwell, London	40
Mrs. Adjt. Orchard, Wingham	38



Ina Groom, Blenheim,
A War Cry Hustler and Champion
Collector, who collected \$50 for
special efforts during the past
year.

Capt. Williams, Essex	37
Edith McGregor, St. Thomas	35
Lieut. Murray, Berlin	35
Sister Cable, Stratford	35
Sister Cable, Stratford	35
Lieut. Hancock, Hespeler	35
Lieut. Yocumans, Paris	35
Mrs. Adjt. Coombe, Petrolia	35
Sister L. Garside, London	35
Lieut. Davis, Dresden	30
Mrs. Jordan, Chatham	30
Margie Wilson, Simcoe	25
Lucy Horsey, Goderich	25
C.C. Gars, Stratford	25
Dave Virtue, Windsor	25
Annie O'Donnell, Galt	25
Capt. Kitchen, Paris	25
Lieut. Cook, Theford	25
C.C. Christener, Petrolia	25
Sister Mauser, Essex	25
Brother Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
Mrs. Welby, Delhi	20
S.M. Graham, Thamesville	20
Mrs. Lyvina, Ingersoll	20
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	20
Ensign Jarvis, Leamington	20
Sergt. Lamb, Stratford	20
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	20
Mrs. Gasson, Chatham	20
Lillie Gilbert, Blenheim	20

East Ontario Province.

55 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Lowrie, Picton	150
Lieut. Langley, Burlington	125
Sergt. J. Moore, Montreal I	123
Sergt. Major Dudley, Ottawa	122
Lieut. Fulford, Belleville	100
Lieut. Greenlake, Trenton	80
Lieut. Duncan, Ogdensburg	80
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I	80
Sergt. Vancor, Montreal I	75
Capt. Magee, St. Johnsbury	75
Lieut. Webber, St. Johnsbury	75
Ensign Biles, Ottawa	75
Lieut. Matthews, Peterboro	75
Capt. A.B. Sherbrooke	70
Lieut. Foley, Pembroke	70
Capt. O'Neil, Perth	65
Capt. Green, Cornwall	63
Mrs. Steneham, Peterboro	61
Capt. Clark, Campbellford	60
Capt. Bloss, Barre	55
Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall	55
Mrs. Steneham, Peterboro	55
Lieut. Keats, Newport	50
Capt. Podger, Brockville	50
Lieut. Oldford, Gananoque	50
Lieut. Gates, Twp	45
Capt. Burton, Twp	40

Lieut. Carpenter	
Lieut. Rutledge	
Sergt. Morse, New	
Capt. Pickett, Na	
C.C. Alice Lowrie	
Ida Constance, O	
Capt. Patterson	
Sergt. Thompson	
Capt. Liddell, Mil	
C.C. Sherwood	
Sergt. M. Moon, T	
Capt. Magee, New	
Mrs. Capt. Podger	
Fred White, Brock	
Sergt. Ritchie, Bro	
Mrs. Capt. Clark, C	
Dad Green, Peterbo	
Mrs. Green, Cornwa	
Adjt. Kennedy, De	
Sergt. McVittie, Sh	
Treas. Rice, Morris	
Dad Duquet, Trent	
Mrs. Preston, Brock	
Mrs. Wright, Morris	
Mrs. Green, Peterbo	

North-West

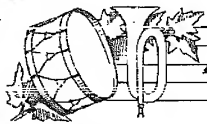
44 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Forsberg, Wi	
Lieut. Fleming, Bra	
Lieut. Reptstein, Jan	
Capt. E. Gamba, De	
Mrs. Ensign Stalger	
Capt. Charlton, Fort	
Mrs. Ensign Williams	
Ensign Hayes, Farg	
Lieut. Reptstein, Jan	
Mrs. Capt. Gillam, C	
Lieut. Miller, Valley	
Lieut. Karp, Minot	
Lieut. Cook, Mende	
C.C. Leaman, Mon	
Sergt. Halford, Winn	
Redbird, Rat Portage	
Lieut. Pearce, Moose	
Capt. Haugen, Princ	
Lieut. Irwin, Edmont	
Ensign Green, Leith	
Lieut. Lewis, Grand	
Capt. McKay, Moorh	
Capt. Askin, Souris	
Capt. Meyers, Grafton	
Capt. Anderson, Edm	
Lieut. Crozier, Carman	
Lieut. Gardner, Hams	
Lieut. Forsberg, Bism	
Mrs. Loman, Port W	
Capt. Bauman, Larimo	
Capt. Habkirk, Fort W	
Lieut. Timson, Dauph	
Oscar Rice, Moosem	
Lieut. McLaren, Regi	
Lieut. Bradshaw, Agfa	
Lieut. Wilby, Regina	
Ensign Ferguson, Mon	
Sergt. Burrows, Moor	
Lieut. Chatter, Lethbr	
Capt. Fawcett, Fort W	
Jessie Scott, Winnipeg	
Mrs. Duran, Winnipeg	
Sergt. Montgomery, Wi	
Lieut. Mausel, Selkirk	

Pacific Pro

24 Hustlers.	
Cadet Robison, Billin	
Capt. Galt, Missoula	
Sister Qualie, Fernie	
Capt. Darrach, Wha-con	
Capt. Heater, New Wes	
Capt. Hurst, Butte	
Cadet Knudson, Butte	
Lieut. Johnson, Rensw	
Mrs. Hooker, Spokane	
Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, Ross	
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Ne	
Capt. Chacton, Vancou	
Adjt. Stevens, Vancou	
Ensign Shoar, Fernie	
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Great H	
Sister L. Hawkins, Great	
Sergt. Torryberry, Vanc	
Capt. Johnson, Nanaimo	
Cadet Brett, Nanaimo	
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor, S	
Cadet McCormick, Revel	
Capt. Miller, Revelste	
Lieut. McDonald, M. Vi	
Sister Ulan, Rosland	
Sergt. Glen, Vancouver	
Capt. Jackson, Lewist	
Sister Hodges, Wiatcom	
Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	
Cadet Rickard, Dillon	

Newfoundland Prov

32 Hustlers.	
Whitten, St. John's	
St. Fraser, St. John's	
Harris, St. John's I	
Stohle, St. John's I	
Loose, Grand Bank	



Songs and Solos of the Week

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Tune.—Just a song at twilight.
Once in the earth, some centuries ago,
Came Christ, the Lord, because He loved us so;
He left His home, He laid His glory by
To suffer shame, and on the cross to die.
To seek and save lost sinners did He come,
And win for them an everlasting home.

Chorus.

Oh, the love of Jesus,
How it thrills my soul,
Through His blood most precious,
We can be made whole.
Freed from Satan's bondage,
Purified within,
We may gain the victory
Over self and sin.
Yes, over self and sin.

Even to-day we bear His loving call,
On Calvary's cross He suffered once for all;
See, from His head, His hands, His wounded side,
Water and blood flowed from the Crucified.
To cleanse from sin our lost and guilty race,
And make us fit to see His blessed face.

Such wondrous love was never seen before;
High over all exceeding scholars' lore,
Science and art, philosophy and creed,
Never will satisfy the world's great need:
All fade away before the power of love.
Give Christ your heart, and this you all shall prove.
Just now He stands without your heart's closed door;
Maybe He's asked to enter times before.
Will you not open, let the Master in?
Oh, wandering child, come home, no more to sin.
Kneel at the cross, He's waiting now for you,
Then rise to fight, to evermore be true.

S. A. Church,
St. George's, Ber.

THE CRUCIFIED.

Tune.—Just one girl.

2 I'm in love with the sweet old story—
Calvary, Calvary—
It thrills my soul with glory.
Love to me, love to me,
The nails tell a tale of anguish,
And the thorn-pierced brow,
Constrains me, a sinner, unworthy,
In penitence humbly bow.

Chorus.

Just one Saviour, the Crucified,
Vile and erring may come,
For all He died,
Mercy free is now offered thee,
You may be happy throughout all eternity.

The story it seems to continue,
Love to me, love to me,
Each day of my life I am proving,
Grace is free, grace is free.
From the cross comes a voice to me daily,
"Follow Me, follow Me."
I answer with gladness, "I will, Lord;
Just pilot me o'er life's sea."

2nd Chorus.

Just one journey, o'er life's rough sea,
Though angry billows may roll,
He will pilot me;
Safe at last, all danger past,
I'll be with Him throughout all eternity.

Nellie McManey, Capt.

THOU LEADEST, LORD, I KNOW.

By WM. RITCHIE, Toronto.

Tune.—Thou leadest, Lord, of me.
3 I am a pilgrim homeward bound,
Off marching through an enemy's ground,
In this my consecration found,
Thou leadest, Lord, I know.

Chorus.

Thou leadest, Lord, I know,
Thou leadest, Lord, I know,
Through all the way, by night and day,
Thou leadest, Lord, I know.

Sometimes on stormy seas I sail,
My bar is o'erwhelmed by many a gale,
I trust in Thee, Thou wilt not fail,
Thou leadest, Lord, I know.

Thus onward still I press my way,
To yonder land where dear ones stay,
And nearer home each closing day,
Thou leadest, Lord, I know.

PRECIOUS NAME.

Tune.—Silver threads: What a Friend we have.

4 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe—
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it everywhere you go.

Chorus.

Precious name, oh, how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

Oh, the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills my soul with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of Kings in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

The following song was written by the late Bandmaster C. W. Fry, the Army's first bandmaster. He and his family were the first to sing it in public. The bandmaster's widow found, a few years ago, a notebook containing the original words, with a note by her husband, saying the song was written in the city of Lincoln, in June, 1881. It is essentially a song of triumph. Bandmaster Fry also composed a number of other well-known Army songs, among them being, "Come, Thou burning Spirit, come," "He was found worthy," "Oh, come to this beautiful stream," and "I have loved and lived with Jesus."

Tune.—The Lily of the Valley (B.J. 7).

5 I've found a friend in Jesus,
He's everything to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul,
The Lily of the Valley,
In Him alone I see

All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole;
In sorrow He's my comfort,
In trouble He's my stay,
He tells me every care on Him to roll:

Chorus.

He's the Lily of the Valley,
The Bright and Morning Star,
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

He all my griefs has taken,
And all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken,
I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.
Though all the world forsake me,
And Satan tempt me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

He'll never, never leave me,
Nor yet forsake me here.
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me,
I've nothing now to fear;
With His mantle He my hungry soul shall fill;
Thou sweeping up to Glory
I'll see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever flow.

PRAYER MEETING SONG.

Tunes.—(S.M. 1. 47, B.B. 22); or, Gentle Jesus (sung slowly).

6 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear,
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Chorus.

God is love!—I know, I feel
Jesus lives and loves me still!
I have long withstood His grace,
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not Hearken to His calls,
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows His wounds and spreads His hands;
God to try!—I know, I feel
Jesus lives, and loves me still!

THE GENERAL

WILL VISIT

GRAND FORKS, N.D., Friday, November 28th.

AT THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, Judge Cochrane in the Chair.

WINNIPEG, Saturday, Sunday and Monday,
November 29th, 30th and December 1st.

SATURDAY—Soldiers' Council at the S. A. Citadel. SUNDAY—The General will preach three times in the Winnipeg Theatre. MONDAY—The General will speak on "The Past, Present and Future of the Salvation Army," in Grace Church; Hon. P. P. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba, in the Chair.